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Vol. VII.—No. 12.—Whole No. 168.

NEW YORK, FEB. 21, 1874.

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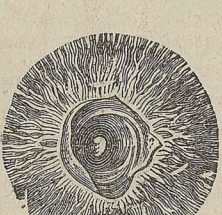
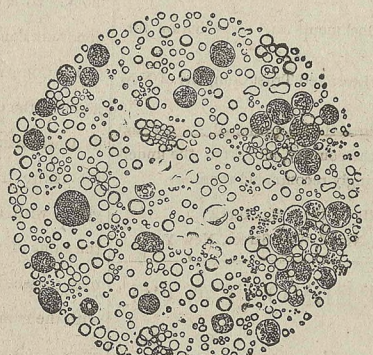
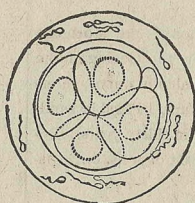
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Gen. Ep. James, y. 1.

PLATFORM OF THE NEW YORK STATE WORKING-MEN'S ASSEMBLY.

ADOPTED AT ALBANY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1874.

WHEREAS, Through the departure from the primary principles of our government, as promulgated by its founders, and through the imprudent exercise of that highest prerogative of the freeman, the right of suffrage, we, the industrial masses of these United States, have, through our past action, acquiesced in a system of class legislation which makes the great majority slavishly subservient to a small minority; and, WHEREAS, This condition is clearly traceable to the fostering protection which has been accorded by our legislative bodies, both State and National, to the financial, mercantile manufacturing and transporting interests, enabling them to accumulate an undue proportion of the national wealth and encouraging them in the exercise of the corrupting lobby influences which have become inseparable from our legislative system; therefore,

Resolved, That the record of old political parties of this country is such as to forfeit the confidence and respect of the people, and that we are, therefore, absolved from all allegiance to them and should act no longer with them.

Resolved, That the preservation of our national life imperatively demands that every citizen shall attend with care all primary nominations and elections, so as to insure the election of competent and honest men to all offices in the gift of the people.

Resolved, That we believe that all officials should be elected by a direct vote of the people, and that we do not recognize any necessity that public officers should receive extravagant salaries, to the end that they may conform to the demands of expensive and fashionable tastes, which in their very nature are antagonistic to Republican principles, and corrupting in their tendencies, and we pledge ourselves to a reduction of all extravagant official salaries.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to the immediate reform of abuses in the civil service, through which the patronage of the government is dispensed as a reward for partisan service, rather than with regard to the public necessities.

Resolved, That we are in favor of improving and perfecting the navigation of our lakes, rivers, railroads and water connections as soon as it can properly be done, under the ownership and management of the State or general government.

Resolved, That the right to exchange the proceeds of labor is co-extensive with the right of ownership. We submit to all needful taxation for the support of the government, but denounce all taxation levied for the benefit of special classes. We hold that the existing duties on clothing, lumber, salt, iron and steel, are not only unnecessary to the successful prosecution of these industries, but oppressive to labor, and tend to create monopolies; while at the same time they furnish a pretext for *ex tempore* charges for railway transportation.

Resolved, That we deprecate any further grants of public lands or loans of public credit to private corporations, and of national, State or local subscriptions in aid of such corporations.

Resolved, That we favor the repeal of our national banking law, and believe that the government should supply a legal tender currency directly from the treasury.

Resolved, That we hold that our patent laws are too often made to subserve the interests of monopolists; and should be carefully revised and restricted.

Resolved, That the rights of all are equal—politically, socially, educationally and industrially—and we insist that no privileged class and no privileged capital shall exist in the land.

Resolved, That we favor the industrial education by the State of all children, who through any lack of duty toward them on the part of guardians, become either idle or vagrant.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to the abolition of the contract system on all public works, city, State and National, and the reduction of the hours of labor so as to allow of the

employment of those thrown idle by labor-saving machinery, and also to allow more time for the improvement of our mental, moral and physical condition.

Resolved, That we favor the system of graduated taxation, to be levied directly by each State on the people of the State, for all taxes, State and National.

Believing that the interests of all men are mutual and interchangeable, as the millionaire and employer of the day may be the pauper or laborer of to-morrow, and *vice versa*, we appeal to all persons, without regard to race, creed or condition, to unite with us on the broad basis of Equality and Justice, and we invite all organizations to co-operate with us to purify our politics, protect the producer, and elevate our whole people to a higher state of national greatness.

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ANOTHER CARD.

I want to urge upon every good fellow the importance of plans for a new order of things. For every evil there is a remedy, and it belongs to us to find the remedies and apply them. But when I begin to offer a plan of the kingdom of kindness, the people seem to be struck with blank astonishment; and, not knowing what to think, they say—nothing.

Inordinate selfishness must be abolished. We must love each other more, hate each other less. "There is no danger of our loving each other too much." Therefore we may conclude that *love should be free*. How shall we come to love our neighbor as ourselves? By considering that all are brethren, for God is our common father. That all are seeking one thing, namely, happiness. That all do as well as they know how. To deny this last is to say that we sometimes seek misery, which I think is an absurdity. But, come to think further, we have pretty generally been taught to believe absurdities. The last, and perhaps the best, argument of the Bible Christian is, "All things are possible with God," and then he is ready to swallow any absurdity (be it ever so great) as Jonah did the whale.

I fancy my plan of the kingdom will answer for a remedy for all our evils. And I would, if possible, provoke our reformers to show its defects, or get up a better plan. I am sure somebody must do some planning before we can build the grand edifice.

I have a few copies of Utopia to give to any one who will send a stamped envelope for the same.

WM. GOULD.

BATES, SANGAMON CO., ILL., December 28, 1873.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE RADICAL CLUB.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 21, 1874.

WHEREAS, The Centennial Exhibition to be held in Philadelphia in the year 1876, has been nationalized by the Government of the United States by the act of March 3, 1871, and by proclamation of the President of the United States, July 4, 1873, as also by the official notification of the representatives of all foreign governments represented at Washington, the American people have indorsed and look forward with no small degree of pride to the coming anniversary of our nation's birth; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the celebration will be productive of great and lasting benefits, as it is proposed to have an exposition of the progress that we, as a nation, have made during a century in arts, science, education, mechanical and other industries, with their relative influence on social progress; and, as such exposition is to be an exhibit of the progress of the world, it is desirable that we, as a people living under a form of government recognizing our sovereignty, may have the opportunity of comparing the results of the different forms of government as reflected in the character of the productions thereof. While we admit the value of the past century's development of physical resources they are by no means the greatest benefit of the exposition. The bringing together of the advanced thinkers of the world, whose minds have been occupied in the field of physical, ethical and social sciences, will be productive of unspeakable good in giving an impetus to the world's progress in directions where it is most needed; and

WHEREAS, The Centennial Commission have failed as yet to break ground for the Exposition building, and as the time is too short to admit of any further delay, if a building worthy of the nation and its purpose is to be built in time, and as the complaint of the Commission is the lack of money wherewith to proceed;

Therefore, We, the members of the Radical Club of Philadelphia, feeling a deep interest in the Exposition and desirous of its success, offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That as the work is national, the Congress of the United States do, without delay, enact that an issue of centenary greenbacks, in amount limited by the estimated cost of the building, be issued, to be paid to the contractors, as per agreement, by the Assistant Treasurer of the United States, resident in Philadelphia.

Resolved, That said issue of centenary greenbacks indicate on their face the object of issue, and that they be a legal tender for all dues for which the greenback is now receivable.

Resolved, That when the receipts from the exposition or other uses to which the building shall be applied shall have equalled the amount issued, it shall be permanently retired.

Resolved, That the above are neither abstract, theoretical, nor impracticable, but are based on a practical demonstration analogous to the proposed Centennial building, as found in "J. Duncan's pamphlet on Bank Charters," in which the following is given:

Daniel De Lisle Brock, Governor of Guernsey, was waited upon, Jonathan Duncan tells us in his pamphlet, by a deputation of the principal townsmen of St. Peter's, who requested his countenance and assistance toward the erection of a covered market, much wanted in that town. He was told that the principal difficulty was to raise the required funds. The Governor replied that if that was the only difficulty he thought he could surmount it, but would ask, first, if they had the requisite stores of bricks, timber, granite

and flags, but, above all, had they the skilled artisans and laborers required for the building of the market. They replied that there was no want of labor or raw material; that their difficulty was chiefly financial. "Oh," said the Governor, "if that is all you want, I will, as governor, sign, stamp and declare legal tender, and issue five thousand market notes. With these pay for material and wages. Go to work and build your market." The market was commenced. The first effects were to animate trade by the additional circulation for payment for slates, bricks, etc., and to increase the custom of the shops by the expenditures of the workmen employed on the market. In process of time the market was finished, stall rents became due and were paid in these notes. When the notes all came in the Governor collected them, and, at the head of a procession, with some little form and ceremony, he proceeded to the town cross and publicly burnt them by way of cancelment. The market was built for nothing.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to forward the above to the Centennial Committee of Congress.

JOHN SHEDDEN, J. F. BYRNES,
ROBERT PURVIS, MRS. MARY A. ELLIS,
MRS. J. HERON FOSTER, E. M. DAVIS, 333 Walnut st.

42 JOHN STREET, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1874.

Dear Weekly—Please allow me to give notice through your liberal columns (the only paper in the city which has extended to the I. W. A. a free say) that our International journal, which we have advertised through the courtesy of your paper, will be forthcoming in a short time. We have hired an office, and are now fitting it up for operation, and have our compositors and working staff on hand. The world moves; let our friends have faith, and pull together for justice and liberty.

G. W. MADON,
Ed. International.

SOCIALISTIC.

IN THE CAROLINAS, Jan. 15, 1874.

Dear Weekly—It occurs to me to ask, What is prejudice but blindfolding one's organs of vision and butting one's head against a clearly defined fact in the broad glare of open day? And, personified, what is prejudice but an imp of darkness, sent by the powers of perversion and misrule to stare reason and common sense out of countenance?

Here in the beautiful South-land, though the "peculiar institution" that fostered the rankest prejudice that ever fed upon the mentality of souls is no more, still the numerous evidences of that prejudice walk about us in the shape of white men and women, in whose composition one drop of dark blood ostracises them from equality with other white people, debars them from all right and title to their natural paternity, and would sell them again into slavery, had not the spirit of progress and martyrdom waded through fire and blood to redeem them.

With all due respect to Southern character, I nevertheless must speak of things as I find them. Prejudice in the South has bolstered the lords of the old dominion and the sires of chivalry in the assumption of a superiority over the bond-woman, subject to their uses—even in an assumption of irresponsibility to natural obligations. How prejudice must first darken the understanding, to permit a soul to mingle the elements of its being with another soul, and then assume superiority over that other soul, even to the extremity of scorning the individuality it has equalized with!

Who shall say a state of society that made the bond-woman subject to her master's sexual demand, and silenced the scruples of the bond-woman's white mistress; a state of society that licensed the sale of the master's sons and daughters into slavery, and blunted all finer instincts of a man's sexual nature; a system, that outside the "peculiar institution" of the South, festers and maintains all the world over the curse of licensed prostitution, rendering to men impunity for their lusts, and making women despised and forsaken like Hagar in the wilderness—who shall dare avow such a state is not cursed of God, despite the hedge of respectability that compasses it about; despite the blatant protest of hypocrites and knaves, who make most use of licenses and indulgences?

Deeply demoralizing and soul-destroying is the status of our present social system. There is nothing but deep depravity in the soul that meaninglessly consummates the end of immortal life, despising the means, spurning the sacred temple of the Most High God—the woman, pregnant with a soul! Could we but impress upon the hearts of men the grandest fact in Nature—the absolute sovereignty of woman in the domain of sex—so that they should feel that any trespass there, in violation of her pure impulse, were deepest sacrilege; could we but impress upon the souls of women, as with a pen of fire, the everlasting truth that commerce without impulse is damnation—then, indeed, were the aurora of the millennial morning streaking the twilight of the perfect day—when Satan shall be bound a thousand years, and the victory over death be achieved.

Will the time never come when woman shall be enshrined in the soul of the man she honors by her preference? when no stupid, demoralizing tenet of time can so pervert the innate manliness of his nature as to cause him to look contemptuously upon her who has met him upon his "level" in spite of himself. I protest that were the "square" maintained between them; were they able to part, both compensated in the basic law of their being, the exaltation had been so pure and perfect, no true Mason would dare, for the integrity of his vow, be traitor to the woman-soul! Herein is a fine touch of that pure nature which makes the whole world kin.

But 'tis woman's degradation of her own nature when she gives without compensation, answers without impulse, which gives the partner of her act a right in sequence to despise her. But let him not flatter himself that if she were well-informed in the mystic symbols of her initiation, she would not have the same right to despise him. Before their mutual desecration of the Temple, High Orient pales its fire, the keystone drops from the Royal Arch! Was there once a

female Mason? Who shall say woman shall only enter the outer portal to greet One who comes from the East clothed in paternal glories?

Will the world never come to know that virtue maintained by rule is no virtue at all? How easy to make men see these mighty truths could they but put themselves in woman's place, to be held, as woman is, responsible for all deviations from the common—aye, and from the divine law!

Woman is the rare, sensitive plate of Nature, and all impressions but those cast through the pure impulse of Nature are a defacement upon the surface of her moral tone. I care not whether her sin be committed under the shadow of the overhanging law or out in the glare of social ostracism.

What the world stands most in need of to-day is a pure type of womanhood. As the race of womanhood looks now under the lens of scientific research after truth and purity, we are constrained to say, in the intrinsic meaning of virtue and purity, what does woman know of its rewards or its penalties? Simply, nothing! She has learned to base her purity upon a Pope's Bull, which she was first taught was infallible, and, in spite of every impulse of her being, she has been faithful to the stupid letter of the law, feeling shame at natural emotions, till the revelations of the wedding night assured her they were shameful enough, sanctified by a license though they are. The cruel result of it all—suppression of nature without the Pope's license—murder of nature after!

She who suppresses the celestial fire that alone irradiates the crown of true womanhood, because she has been falsely taught such fire is from hell, is no less a moral monstrosity than she who feigns a passion though she have it not to lure her victims at the corners of the streets.

Woman must be the priestess to lead men up to a higher morality than the world has ever known, to a respect and reverence for the passion of love, that is the very breath of God, breathing into the germ of human existence life eternal. Woman must teach men the utter fallacy of the ancient lesson of original depravity. She must inculcate that life could not be unless an eternal fiat had declared it; that that were no creative wisdom which rendered base its first and primal law. Woman must learn, in order to teach men, that what were in itself a sin no human law could sanctify.

First the idea of total depravity in the conception of souls got possession of men's minds, because they made the inspirations of a woman's nature subservient to their desires by teaching her submission, despite her inner protest. Then came in the idea of a necessity of a law to regulate the evil they had done, and to keep woman still their slave; so the virus of sexual perversion has run on through the ages, till sexual purity is not possible, and never will be till woman learns to reverence the truth—there is no sin so heavy in consequences to her as giving herself to man's desire without her own nature answers the demand! I lay the charge of prostitution home to every wife in the land who has ever yielded without emotion—shameless prostitution if done without a protest! A protest even to her own soul proves womanhood not quite dethroned.

Woman! will you not see the depth of your degradation, the impurity of your life, while you know no touch of nature, but go on daily destroying sublime possibilities by yielding, for any consideration, what alone is nature's supreme right? Can you not see how you, being ordained of God the sole regulator of sexual purity, pervert nature to fulfill what is termed marital duty—the entailed curse of the world? Can you not see how you feed man's selfishness and dig the grave of your womanhood deeper and deeper?

I court ostracism, I bear a sensitive soul to martyrdom for the hope I have of beholding in some stage of my existence a purified womanhood on earth—of seeing a race of men so grandly regenerate in their manhood they shall count her price above rubies, who yields them herself in the richness of fruitful nature, pure and sacred, because the emancipated instinct of a woman cannot err!

HELEN NASH.

RHYMES OF THE STREET.

She rustled by in her silks,
She floated by in her laces;
And the beauty upon her face
Was the beauty of all the graces.
The diamonds upon her breast
Were miniature suns for brightness,
And the fingers that clasped her cloak
Rivaled the snow for whiteness.

She wandered by in her rags,
She flaunted by in her tatters;
And her face was the face of sin,
Which misery bloated and batters.
The flowers upon her breast
Were signs of her dead ambition;
Her hands clutched over a breast
That had fallen from its high mission.

They were almost side by side,
The sinless one and the sinning;
The one with the innocent soul,
The other not worth the winning.
The tatters brushed by the silks,
And the rags brushed by the laces,
God! what a difference there,
In those womanly ranks and places!

The proud lips curled with a sneer,
And the bloated ones with a mutter,
The high-arched feet stepped grand,
And the bare ones slipped in the gutter;
The laces were caught aside,
To save them from their pollution;
They had touched the tattered rags
Of that woman of destitution.

And so they passed in the street,
That glorious, dainty creature,
And the coarse rough child of sin,
Crime-stained on every feature.
The one to her gorgeous home,
The other to some lone hovel;

Say, purse-proud woman and man,
Isn't the difference novel?

The maid with the beautiful face
Is the reigning belle of the city.
The woman with sinful breast
Is the chiefest object of pity.
The moustached lips of the strong
Will sue for the reigning beauty,
But never a manly word
Restoring the strayed to duty.

And nights, when the beautiful one
Lies in guileless sleeping,
This fallen, degraded one
Through the streets is creeping,
She treadeth with reckless care
The highway of death and danger,
She draggeth into her den
The feet of the simple stranger.

* * * * *
Last eve the Trinity bells,
Rang out for a high-life marriage;
And the beautiful one in white,
Like a young queen came from her carriage;
And the elegant man who stood
At the altar so proud beside her,
And called her his beautiful wife,
Will tenderly keep and guide her.

And the quaint old Trinity church,
So marvelous and splendid,
And the organ music I know
Was never so grandly blended.
And the radiant white-clad maids,
And the bride with her queenly carriage,
And the elegant man by her side—
Wasn't this a "high-life marriage?"

Last night when the stars of God
Came out with their solemn splendor,
This sad young creature of sin,
Fashioned so slight and slender,
With a terror on her white face,
Gathered her rags with a shiver,
And with terrible haunting cry,
Plunged in the cold, dark river!

And a white wan face all night
Washed here and there in the river,
And a soul let suddenly loose
Went up to its kindly Giver.
No light but the lone, gray morn,
When the early fisherman found her,
No sound but the river's rush
As the fishermen stood around her!

I wouldn't have been the man
Whose name she cursed in her dying,
Nor have borne the deeds of men
Which she gasped in her gurgled sighing;
And, mother of God! so rough
They hurried her into the coffin—
And hurried her into the ground—
I am sure 'twould adamant soften!

And this wedding so great and grand,
Was the city's theme next morning,
And the bridegroom's splendid fame,
And the beautiful bride's adorning;
But never a sigh or a tear,
Not even the slightest shiver,
As they read of the desolate one
Found dead in the cold, dark river!

Well, God is God, and He knows
Why one should live in her splendor,
And the other in sin and rags,
Both equally frail and tender;
And why, in the vows of men,
One woman should find her honor,
And another in those same vows
Should come to her life's dishonor.

But God is the giver of good,
And His purposes all are holy;
Though He giveth life to the great,
He will never desert the lowly.
And on that terrible day,
To His God-head's awful glory,
That desolate one shall bow
And tell her pitiful story!

And I know the grace of God
Will be to this woman given,
And the brightest place of the saints
The mansion for her in heaven!
And the beautiful one in white,
So pure a saint for brightness,
And the robes of the desolate one
Shall rival her own for whiteness!

"MILLER."

A REMEDY.

In WEEKLY of January 24th, Wm. Foster, Jr., after telling us of a flaxen-haired girl, joyous as the spring bird a few years ago, now a woman of the town, fallen because she was seduced and deserted, asks who is responsible? Echo answers, all! and tells a truth. Truly all capable of exerting an influence are responsible as far as their influence extends—if it is possible for individuals to be responsible—for this unjust state of society. He informs us of honors paid her seducer, but when she, in anguish, upbraids him, she is arrested, arraigned and fined as a reveller, and finally sent to a cell.

A contrast of treatment, surely, and all the world should demand why, but it does not; a neglect of which allows these unjust conditions to exist.

Human beings, developing from lower to higher conditions, necessarily have more or less of lower conditions clinging to their garments, and as those in higher development mingle with the lower, it is not strange that much of mud and slime is absorbed by them in what we call education.

Men, from circumstances political and social, from time immemorable—with a few rare exceptions—have considered women far inferior to their august selves. Being possessed

of more animal nature than women, usually, and less spiritual, they have been unable to understand the true position of woman, but have considered her far beneath themselves in all things, particularly in sexual relations and their uses, judging from the ideas almost universally taught in practice and conversation by common men.

Seldom is sexuality referred to, except with a sneer and jeer upon the lowest plane, by men intelligent and interesting upon subjects of far less importance. Where do we hear the merits and demerits of sexuality discussed to learn of its highest uses and most beneficial effects upon society? Is it not rarely referred to, except as a low, degrading condition, to be shunned and avoided on the one hand; while it is only jeered by others, in lowest language, exciting the basest, which should be the highest, part of their natures? Start not that I call it highest. (I do not expect the readers of the WEEKLY will, but some prudes and "pureites" may.) Is it not a God-given principle, through which means the highest results of human life are attained? Is there a higher work for humanity to perform than the developing of a human soul and an organism through which it may work?

Ever corresponding to the copulative act, we find the result. If only the lower animal feelings are engaged, no high development of offspring or ennobling results of a high order need we look for.

Then with man's incapacity to comprehend the maternal longings of noble women, the desire of her love-nature to be enriched by the love of manliness, and his false education, is it strange women are dupes and men are seducers?

Not one woman in one thousand, I believe, left to her own natural instincts, will ever yield to the embrace of a man she does not love. If he gains her love and his plane is not sufficiently high to know ought but physical conditions in sexual relations, in or out of marriage, God pity and Christ cure him should be the prayer of every woman thus connected.

Arriving at this point, we must conclude if abandoned she is not disgraced. No, not the loving woman; she is no victim of his lust, but he is victim of his own, and the individual disgraced before God and all thinking men and women. Then let no woman fall to the depths of life, because some selfish, unfortunate thing called man, honored, perchance, has won her love and she has yielded the choicest treasures of her affection, while he turns from her, incapable of the elevation she has gained through love, nor grieve except for his deplorable condition. The man is unfortunate instead of the woman, even if the inconvenience of maternity is forced upon her, and all humanity hold their skirts as they pass her by. And she will stand as much higher in spirit life, where soul knows soul, than the man of animal passion, as Jesus stands higher than the miserable drunkard by the wayside.

Humanity's undeveloped condition has produced our false educational system, while it in turn holds society in chains. But those who have thought outside this chain-secured yard must become teachers, and none can contribute more largely to education and elevation than the poor weak woman. Let woman rise in her dignity and teach man, she is not a victim for his lust; she is not to be trampled by it; she is neither tool nor toy to be claimed or gained for use or amusement, to be cast into the filth of society or hurled behind its hedges, only to be taken therefrom at his convenience or pleasure and at her expense; but that he is bankrupt in all those higher qualities of manhood, and a miserable spiritual pauper; that in filling the highest functions of her God-given being she has a right to protection and demands it. If any man of society is low enough to leave her without aid to rear the love-light of her soul he has helped to give an existence, and society fails to remunerate her sufficiently for labor to enable her to rear and educate that little one, she should demand its care and protection. She is laboring for society as other men and women are, and she should sound the demand from mountain-top to valley low: Put no obstacles in my way, give me opportunity to do my best for you and my soul's best good, which I've a right to protect.

Not until this step is taken by woman, and taken fearlessly before the world, shall she be rid of such incidents, and even worse ones than the above related. So may woman become fearless and strong in purity and man wise and more intuitive, is the prayer of a lover of humanity.

FITCHBURG, Mass.

MRS. N. A. ADAMS.

MARRIAGE IN CALIFORNIA.

There is a paper published in New York which has much to say about the slavery of marriage, and insists that marriage should be simply a civil contract which can be dissolved at the pleasure of the parties who made it. The chains of matrimony are not very irksome in California under the Code. To get married there need be no application to either clergyman or Justice of the Peace. People may just consider themselves married, and they are so. There is not much interference here. Then, to get unmarried, all that is necessary is, for the parties to separate for one year, for one to "desert" the other—and lo! the "chains" are loosed. If this is not liberal enough, we don't know what the apostles of the new dispensation require. Surely, it is well, in such a very serious matter as the dissolution of a partnership, which was intended when it was entered upon to be for life, to give a year's consideration to the benefit or ills likely to result from such dissolution of partnership. We are of opinion that often, in cases of matrimonial infelicity, a year's separation would result in the two coming together and living happily as man and wife until death. The only flaw in the law which the radicals will be able to find is, that it is necessary, in order to obtain a divorce on the grounds of "desertion," that one of the parties shall profess his or her consent to resume the relationship with the other which was broken off by his or her desertion. When both are agreed to separate, then the law says no. There is certainly an inconsistency in this. However, inhabitants of the Golden State cannot, we think, complain that the marriage laws are irksome and tyrannical. —*Figaro, San Francisco.*

FREE LOVE OR PROSTITUTION—WHICH?

Dear Weekly—Many of our sanctified, redeemed, purified and immaculate ones, are making a terrible hue and cry over the "demoralizing and damnable" doctrine of "free love," but they have little to say in regard to "prostitution," especially if it be legalized.

Now, do these simple-minded and for the most part honest and sincere people know what they are talking about? Did it ever occur to them that of all the men and women in the world who hold any sexual relations, there are but two classes, to wit: free lovers and prostitutes?

What is this terrible bugbear of free love with which people not only frighten fools and children but even get scared themselves? It simply means social freedom—nothing more, nothing less. With the question of monogamy or polygamy, promiscuity or variety, it has simply nothing to do. It asserts that a person has just as much right to regulate his social as he has his religious or political opinions, in accordance with his highest convictions; that is all. Now, if two individuals of opposite sex are living in intimate relations, either in or out of legal marriage, from choice, each exercising no authority over the other, but held together by the bonds of mutual affection, those individuals are "free lovers."

On the other hand, any two who meet in the most sacred of all relations without the sanctifying influence of a pure, divine love, are guilty of prostitution, and I care not how many priests of mammon or magistrates of the law have said over the mummery prescribed by the statutes and pronounced them man and wife, closing with the solemn abjuration, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

To those who hold up their hands in holy horror because one is a terrible "free lover," I present the dread alternative, "free love" or prostitution. Upon one or the other horn of this dilemma they are impaled; they can take their choice. For myself I choose free love to prostitution, and have so declared before the world. If my friends, who have spared no pains nor scrupled at any means whereby they might publish—not my sentiments, but their own vile imaginings—to the world, hoping and intending thereby to bring both me and my opinions into disgrace, choose the other horn and wish to be understood as favoring prostitution, legal or otherwise, I shall not interfere with their right to such advocacy, though I may not admire their choice.

To those who fear the separation of families, should the law be abolished or free divorce granted, I would suggest the query whether it were more conducive to the welfare of society to let those part who are pulling in opposite directions, or by holding them in bondage continue the propagation of unloved or unlovely children, the half of which shall die before reaching their fifth year, and a large percentage of the balance become at once the victims and the foes of society, filling our jails and asylums, peopling our penitentiaries or becoming subjects for the hangman's rope? When these queries are solved I have a few more to propound.

D. M. ALLEN.

So. NEWBURY, O.

THE CHILDREN.

BY ADELIA.

"Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without stain?
Will no one bid," said America,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear them moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them, one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie to skulk, to crawl;
They shall sleep in my hair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land,
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children,
I'll take them as they are born;
And I'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And you judges shall have work,
And you lawyers wag the tongue;
And the jailors and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
I'll take them all to me."

I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they've trod,
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're not the true religion,"
Said a Sot with flashing eyes;
"Nor thou," said another, scowling—
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third, with shout and yell;
"You're anti-Christ and bigot—
You'd train them up for hell."

And America, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed with voice of pity—
"Oh, friends, you do me wrong!
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling!
For till you all agree
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen—
Quoth they, "We bide our time;"
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth and Crime,
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high,
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 16, 1874.

There is much floating through the daily press which the thoughtful man or woman may make the basis of patient investigation and thought. But these things which may become a fruitful source of knowledge are usually passed by the mass and soon forgotten. The multiphased developments of human action all have their rationale, and if correlated properly will give as a result the law behind them, thus becoming the basis of action both for individuals and legislators. Heretofore no adequate attempt has been made to devise a social polity, based on the nature of man, or on those social forces which come in to determine action in any given case, or gain a clue to elucidate the sources of evil or the abnormal status of the individual we would reach. For instance, there is a theft. A. has appropriated the property of B. Now, the question is, what was the inspiration of the act? Was it hereditary, or was it all the spurt of the moment, the promptings of a temporary exigency to satisfy a want, either fancied or real, for the time being? These are pertinent questions, but the law ignores them entirely and proceeds on the principle that the taker or thief is depraved all through like a rotten apple and must be subjected to the penalty of the law, the penalty being measured by the value of the thing taken, thus bringing a moral act down to the scale of dollars and cents, leaving its inherent quality out of the case altogether.

Thus much preliminary to the consideration of a case which occurred a few days ago in Wisconsin, the discovery of a boy who seemed to have a thirst for human blood, not to secure any advantages to himself, but only a mania for killing. The case is so abnormal that I quote it as the suggestor of some thoughts touching crime and our social status. The details are as follows:

"Bob Turner, of Potosi, Grant County, Wis., has been arrested for the murder of his brother Albert. The inquest, which has just been concluded, revealed a bloodthirsty propensity on the part of Bob, rivaling that of the Bender family of murderers. The murdered man was killed with an ax as he was coming out of a mineral hole in which he had been at work. The murderer then called to another brother who was in an adjoining shaft. When he reached the surface he saw the body of his murdered brother Albert and was about to run, when Bob seized him, and showing the bloody ax threatened to kill him instantly unless he would swear to assist in putting the body away and to preserve silence. This Newton assented to, but on the first opportunity he escaped to Potosi, where he gave the alarm, and the murderer fled to Lancaster. He was pursued, arrested and lodged in prison, where he soon attempted the life of his keeper.

"A second murder, which has just come to light, is that of Olney Neeley, a youth of Ellenboro'. Bob Turner was there cutting hoop poles, Dec. 23. The boy started to visit his mother, who resides in New California. The road lay through the timber where Turner was at work. That was the last seen of young Neeley until the 9th of January. The people residing in the neighborhood having heard of Turner's murderous propensity, and knowing that young Neeley had to pass near where he was at work, turned out on Friday last to hunt for his remains. When they arrived where Turner had been chopping, they found the body, which lay as it had fallen two weeks before. The boy's head was nearly cut from the body. Several other mysterious murders having taken place in localities where Turner has been seen, Marshal Bennett visited the prisoner and asked him to confess if he had any hand in them. He finally confessed that he remembered killing two men. Now that he has confessed, he delights to talk of the many persons he has killed. He gloats over the skill with which he has concealed their bodies, and declares if they were got together there would be nearly forty of them."

The above was sent on the wings of the telegraph, and as usual the papers served it up in the modern sensational style, with liberal headings in caps and black letter. Note at the outset that "Bob" did none of these things apparently for any selfish object, either to secure money or other valuables. There was no motive of revenge. He killed seemingly without any special object as a money impulse. Hence we are authorized to conclude that the acts were maniacal, the impulse of a homicidal tendency in his nature. No other inference can be deduced for the acts, each as detailed is without a motive, using the term in its ordinary acceptation. This is confirmed by the closing sentences of the account—"he delights to talk of the many persons he has killed;" "he gloats over the skill with which he has concealed their bodies," etc. This, as well as the previous attendant circumstances, shows that his condition is wholly abnormal. And here comes the salient point of the whole matter, why is he thus abnormal to an extent which has sacrificed forty human lives? Who did sin, this boy or his parents, or society, that he ravened for blood? The marrow of the answer is the influence of heredity. We know that in the very origin of individualized human life, and in its ante-

natal connection with the mother, there are influences constantly at work which impress themselves on the plastic embryo, which in due time is to become an independent living soul. There is a subtle law which may not be violated with impunity. When the embryo is resting in the womb the condition of the mother, her mental status, whether one of equilibrium or excitement, is reflected back upon the helpless child and there leaves an impress.

In the case we are considering, to get a solution of its abnormalism we need to know the condition of the mother all through the period of gestation; what influences were operative and the special events which moved her and had a specific effect on her mind. Evidently she was wrought upon by some external power, which through her nervous system spent its force on the child she was bearing. Possibly it may have been one of those sensational murder and gallows scenes which too frequently pollute the columns of the public press. These scenes are dressed up in an exuberance of details and style which is appalling, and cannot but be of baleful influence even on the average of the community, much more so on a delicate female about to become a mother, if she shall read the harrowing story. There is a peculiar sensitiveness with most women when under maternity, and the recital of an execution is just one of those things which it may be expected will leave its impress behind. Fearful are the influences of such and similar things, stamping themselves into the unborn embryo to fruit in the child or man. How important, therefore, that the foetal life be maintained under such conditions as will permit it to grow normally and come forth unscarred or unwarped. All influences which are counter to the health of the foetus—moral, intellectual or physical—are to be avoided. So much for influences which are extraneous.

Now, it is imperative that the influences growing out of the union of the sexes, known as marriage, should be wholesome as well as those which are external. Here comes the province of radical Spiritualism, to press this point and demand that human life shall set out on its eternal journey as well prepared as possible. This is the terse logic of social freedom, which is the Gabriel of the nineteenth century, summoning individuals and society to observe the behests of that eternal law which decrees that grapes are not plucked off thorns or figs off thistles. The creation of an individualized human being is the most solemn act which souls can undertake, and unless that act be done in fullness of soul by those who undertake it, the work will be marred and humanity dwarfed. That high act must have the perfect consecration of father and mother, else the result is more or less a monstrosity. There must be entire reciprocity, else there will be a failure to incarnate the highest type. A perfect child—or as perfect as may be possible, considering law which reaches back through ancestral lines—cannot be hoped for in a marriage basis which subordinates the woman. Maternity can bear perfect fruit only as the equality of the female is recognized. For her there must be freedom; she must be raised from the low level of the common law and social usages, rescued from the domination of lust which now prevails, more in marriage than outside, being left to take up the duties of life in accordance with nature, which is more authoritative than laws and constitutions, though hoary with age and overgrown with the moss of centuries. Social freedom is only the assertion of natural law, whose necessity is demonstrated by our present social order, so-called, though disorder would be the more appropriate term, and by the spiritual nature of man and woman. It is the outcome of experience, science and Spiritualism, a savior more needed than ever was Jesus, a conservative power to redeem the race, the herald of a new order which shall revolutionize man and governments, and make liberty, equality and fraternity realities.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

SEXUAL SCIENCE NEEDED.

No. 3 LINWOOD PLACE, Worcester, Mass.,
February 3, 1874.

I have just finished reading Mrs. Woodhull's celebrated oration, "The Elixir of Life," and am delighted with it beyond measure. Its ideas are familiar to my mind, I having entertained similar views for many years. From true sexual, social and soul mating must flow true harmony to the human race, if ever that boon is realized, and with her I do firmly believe that through actual experiment must we arrive at the truth respecting this most vital subject. While reading this lecture I have been aroused to a sense of the duty the sincere students of social science owe to a "perishing world"—to place on record the result of their studies and experience in sexual matters, without fear or favor. For twenty years have I been waiting for some avenue to be opened whereby I might communicate to the world my whole thought and feeling hereupon, to the end that our world may be helped up out of the shadows of ignorance and bestiality in which it now wallows. My faith in sexual science is unbounded. I have spent the best part of my life to procure the means of studying this great science in all its ramifications. I have read nearly every known work on generation, midwifery, sexual and self-abuse, etc., etc., and never, till I read the "Elixir of Life," did I feel myself possessed of the long-sought key to "eternal life." I do believe all it says to be a human possibility; and the day is not far distant when the teachers of this heavenly science will be multiplied a hundred fold, and all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest—all shall know themselves.

The status of American womanhood, both moral and physical, is disgracefully low, and the number of those whom the damning system of marriage murders is so fearfully great that the contemplation is enough to make the angels weep. O Ignorance! thou insatiate Moloch! thou dost swallow up the brightest, fairest daughters of our race, and mar the rare beauty of our virgins without remorse! O Lust! thou blighting, desolating curse! the day dawns whose sunlight of liberty shall dispel thy death-dealing miasma, and light up the grim skeleton closets of the Blue Beard's Castle of Despair—the marriage system of Christendom!

I wish, ere I close, to reach out, through this WEEKLY, my

true right hand of recognition to Helen Nash, and say that I glory in her womanly independence of thought and speech. Would to God her name was legion!

ALPH. BRIGGS DAVIS.

SELECTIONS FROM AN ESSAY.

READ BY FREDERICK A. HINCKLEY, BEFORE THE SECOND RADICAL CLUB OF BOSTON, ENTITLED "WOMAN; HER RIGHTS AND DUTIES."

(From the Boston Index.)

The first extract we make from the above may be entitled

BOYS.

"Perchance at this very moment there are being born into the world two immortal souls. One shall be a boy, the other a girl. Their lives are to be moulded in part by their parents, afterward by themselves, all the time by existing social institutions and customs. What is the prevailing spirit running through these? Scarcely are the new comers out of babyhood before invidious distinctions begin. The skirts, which are destined to be the life-long curse of the girl, soon get too inconvenient and clumsy for the boy, and he kicks himself out of them and into something warmer and better in every respect. His arms and legs are henceforth allowed free swing, a right vigorously maintained and exercised wherever he goes. He is encouraged in active exercise, and taught to be self-reliant. From the start, in school, college, and home, he is trained to the idea that he must pull his own oars. Perhaps he sets up a little business in a corner of his father's lot, where out of school hours he raises hens, and sells eggs to his mother. Perhaps on the school platform he declaims that 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' and that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' Whatever he does, whatever he is urged to do, be sure it will be something to educate his faculties, and fit him for future duties. And so he goes from one thing to another, until he finally enters manhood, a self-respecting and respected unit."

GIRLS.

"But the poor girl—alas for her! she goes half-clothed, and in almost every particular improperly clothed. Freedom of muscular action is made impossible for her. Her hands cannot touch her head, her lungs cannot properly expand, her digestive organs cannot freely perform their functions. She is early taught that it is unladylike to play and run in the open air, that her brother can do anything he wishes, but she can do but one kind of work, often not even that; namely, help her mother in the kitchen, without remuneration. Many a girl has felt the gross injustice of working day after day for nothing, when her brother was encouraged by some trifling pay for his little services. He is trained to the idea of working for pay, that he may become a self-reliant man,—she, to working for nothing, or at best for some vague sentiment; such as the duty of a daughter to her mother. Such help usually and properly amounts to nothing. There are duties which children should voluntarily and cheerfully render to their parents, and the boys should not be allowed to evade them, nor the girls to look upon them as compulsory."

EQUAL RIGHTS.

"Movements looking to the higher education of woman are being prosecuted with marked success; and many seem to think that in their own good time men will welcome her to the halls of learning, and until then she had better remain outside. It is hard to see how this position can be reconciled with our fundamental proposition. According to that, it is woman's right and duty to enjoy all means possible for a full development of all her faculties, and to take possession of these means whenever and wherever she can, peaceably and honorably. To this end she must make her demand felt. She often goes to the individual, or to the State, as the poor creature at your door comes begging for bread."

"Such is not the proper attitude for people reclaiming their own. If Harvard College refuses admission to women on equal terms in every respect with men; if the Institute of Technology asks for additional privileges with which to build up a male aristocracy of learning, they must bear the consequences of having their requests for aid refused. The State has no right to grant land or help in any way, except upon the fundamental condition that all distinctions of sex should cease. It could with more justice legislate for Protestants as against Catholics, or Unitarians as against Orthodox, since in the latter cases the barriers set up would not be absolutely insurmountable in their nature. The State represents the people, and cannot rightfully legislate in favor of one portion of the people as against another portion."

PROSTITUTION.

"Duchatelet says: 'Of all causes of prostitution in Paris, and probably in all great towns, none is so active as the want of work or inadequate remuneration. What are the earnings of our laundresses, seamstresses and milliners? Compare the price of labor with the price of dishonor, and you will cease to be surprised that women fall.'"

"Chief of Police Savage, in his Report for 1872, page 45, says of night-walkers, 'that parties of whom there was a reasonable hope of reform have been either provided with some suitable employment or sent to their friends in the country.'"

"Mark the words—'provided with some suitable employment.'"

"The Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1871, page 270—an invaluable contribution to this question—says: 'Not a few cases have come under our personal observation, where insufficient food and the want of proper clothing have ended in a death that could be called nothing but starvation; and alas, many more have confessed to us, some with shame and remorse, others with the defiant question, 'What else could I do? that they had sold their womanhood for bread to sustain life.'"

"So the testimony might be multiplied; but enough. Is it strange that girls whose training is false from the time they leave their mother's arms, thrown upon the world to

wring from its unwilling purse the poor crust which wealth would not give its dog, should fall before the temptations of base but honored men?"

"I know dark pictures are painted of the hardened girls who walk the streets to tempt the men. How often are we told of some innocent, virtuous countryman led into vice by such. Did you ever ask, if this be so, who first tempted these girls? The Chief of Police of Boston, looking through official eyes, says they are the victims. And yet society, Adam-like, pronounces them the sinners. Now women may not be better than men, nor men than women, when the balance is struck; but the sins of the one are not the sins of the other. Every honest man who has a virtuous wife at home, one who is worthy to represent her sex, knows that in this matter of prostitution, in nine cases out of ten, women are the victims. Why are they the victims? Because poverty, staring them constantly in the face, says *dishonor* or *starvation*. 'Why not starvation, then?' say you. Ah! that would be unseen, unrecognized martyrdom. Has this society, for which you and I are in part responsible, given girls in its standard of training the elements which make martyrs? Then think of the women who really do sacrifice themselves for others."

"Mrs. Dall, in her lecture on 'Death or Dishonor,' gives, as an example of this kind, a young girl of seventeen years, who had the charge of a sick, crippled sister. They were left to touch the very brink of despair. A kindly, fair-faced woman brought work which saved them from death. More was promised, on conditions that you can guess; and the toils were so skillfully woven that the young and healthy girl longed for her sister's sickly face and broken limb to ward off her fate. 'When a whole day's work brings only a few pennies,' said a prostitute to Dr. Sanger, 'a smile will buy me a dinner.'"

ITS REMEDY.

"What is it? Why, to open to her the prospect of an honorable career. Insist that she shall have an equal chance in life with the man; that all branches of labor shall be open to her; and that it shall be as dishonorable for her not to work for some purpose as it is for man. By giving woman more self-respect, and making her more a power in the world, you strike a fatal blow at prostitution, as well as full half the evils that beset her. You must deal with the working-woman. Dainty fingers refuse to touch her: when she falls, even Christians turn the cold shoulder; and yet public virtue and private integrity hang as by a thread on her fate. The ballot, as an abstract idea, will not save her; Magdalen asylums will not save her; but the practical justice which shall abolish all distinctions of sex in the world of work will do more to elevate her and purify the social state than volumes of statutes. To that sense of justice woman must appeal, not begging, but demanding, as in the educational realm, the natural rights of which she has been deprived."

MARRIAGE.

"The next step brings us naturally to marriage, in which the principles of individual liberty have been most persistently denied. It is one of the signs of the times, at once encouraging and discouraging, that at length discussion has begun on this important subject."

"What then, let us ask, is true marriage? Theodore Parker said it was 'a constant falling in love.' Some people seem to think that marriage begins on that eventful day when the two stand up in the presence of family and friends, and the minister pronounces them one. But no words can make two one; neither can an hour, or two hours, a day, or a year. That marriage which you thought you were witnessing began months, perhaps years, before; and, if it be true, shall continue to all eternity, 'a constant falling in love.' It is the sublimest thing on earth—perhaps in heaven—the union of two souls, the wedlock of minds and hearts as well as bodies; nay, infinitely more than bodies. Plainly, such a union must have two essential characteristics, love and freedom. There can be no true love without freedom, no true freedom without love. Strictly interpreted, the grandest expression of this idea is found in the phrase, 'free love.' Not promiscuity—that is slavery—but the union of one man to one woman in love and freedom."

[There are many races in this world, and millions—hundreds of millions—of men and women who do not believe that promiscuity is slavery, and carry their faith into actions. The WEEKLY, however, does not advocate either monogamy or promiscuity, but freedom; a freedom based on the personal sovereignty of all women and all men, and subject only to their individual regulation and control.—Ed.]

THE REFORMERS.

"But the saints often refuse their places in the advance guard. The contest is then carried on by not less earnest, if less able, hands. Susan B. Anthony in jail, Mrs. Woodhull in jail, George Francis Train in jail, with all their faults—weak, fanatical, insane if you will—did noble service for justice. It seems sometimes as if, when the refined, the cultured, the educated sealed their lips, God brought the crazy-heads to the front to fight the holiest of battles."

"Reforms require rugged work; they cannot be won by drawing-room tactics. How often some woman says: 'Oh, I would wear even the bloomer costume if all ladies would; I would place myself side by side with that fallen sister if my motives would not be misunderstood. I am willing that any woman shall vote who wants to, but I don't. I have all the rights I want.'"

[Weak! fanatical!! insane!!! crazyheads!!!! Society ought to be satisfied with the sop Frederick A. Hinckley has thus thrown to it. In a few years, probably, the lecturer will find that it is a cur that is not worthy of his attention.—Ed.]

THE SUMMING UP.

But you will say, Why mix all these questions? Why not let education, employment, marriage, suffrage, stand each on its own merits? Because the wrongs in each of these departments all spring from the same root. There is no logical terminus between slavery and freedom. The system

which shuts college doors to woman, which denies to her a business career, which subjects her to the will of another in the marriage relation, which makes her a cipher in public affairs, is the very same as that under which women were taken by force and sold by father to husband; which, in France, when a lady pronounced any but the most common words correctly, caused her companions to blush; which in China thinks cramped feet essential to female refinement; in Russia regards women as unworthy to sing the praises of God in the presence of men, and causes the Turk to consider it indecent for women to go unveiled. The difference is in degree, not in kind. Without knowing it, often, those who oppose the logical opposite of this barbarism, namely, perfect freedom, are voting for despotism. They have some of the old blood in their veins. Rather let us say, the atmosphere they breathe is infected by the old miasma. We in America have set our faces Zionward; that is, toward the Zion of self-government; but the robes of our fathers hang about us, and we are constantly turning to the right hand and the left. We fancied the millennium had come when we reached the half-way house of male freedom; but the old structure begins to totter; the rooms that were only big enough to take in man were too small to take in God. Those who have their eyes open see already, through holes in the roof, infinite heights beyond, where, in the social organism, the father and the mother heart shall beat as one. Self-government; yes, that is what we want; the co-equal education of the sexes that shall make it possible; the inter-dependence of the sexes in labor that shall make it successful; the self-control of the husband and freedom of self-control of the wife that shall make it divine."

A SAMPLE OF MANY LETTERS RECEIVED.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, Jan. 20, 1874.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

Dear Madam—My husband attended your lecture at Lewis's Opera House, and was very much elated. I regret that I could not have been a listener; but I am one of that class you depicted so forcibly—a mother—bound to a life of seclusion, tied down to little, helpless babes. I have been married a little more than five years and have given birth to four children. You can realize how little comfort one can take with one babe twenty-one months old and another three months. I have been intimately acquainted with married women who were stout and healthy, having but one, two and three children. Ask them why such was the case, and the reply would be vulgarity itself.

Many girls at the marriage altar throw away freedom, liberty and life almost, and what do they receive as a recompense? A home—which in time becomes a prison-cell, and their young life soon passes away. Such is life, a weary, toilsome march for woman.

CO-EDUCATION.

It is plain that the question of co-education—that is, the teaching of young men and women together in the colleges as they are taught in the academy and in the common school—has now laid hold of the public mind with a grasp that amazement, and contempt, and incredulity, and bigotry at least cannot shake off. At Williams College, when the proposition was made, the majority of the committee skillfully evaded the direct encounter of the question by falling back upon the charter and the sanction of interpretations. All the forces upon all sides are engaged, and the real, although not the formal, victory seemed to be gained—that is, the best opinion of the time concedes that every opportunity of education should be opened to women as to men. The point that the education shall be pursued under exactly the same conditions is not yet carried, and the issue of the contest here does not depend upon moral, or social, or political, but, in a serious degree, upon structural considerations. It is very much a physiological question, to which science and actual knowledge must furnish the solution. The little book of Dr. E. H. Clarke, "Sex in Education," is the latest contribution to the discussion.

Some of the facts upon which the doctor generalizes have, however, been authoritatively questioned. He makes statements in regard to Vassar College and the treatment there which are absolutely denied, according to Mrs. Dall, by the resident physician at the college, Dr. Avery. And it is in that direction that the Easy Chair looks for further light upon the real position of Dr. Clarke. When an accomplished and scientific woman, whose treatment of the question shows that she knows, and who has had very large experience, directly opposes Dr. Clarke, and says that in her opinion, not as an advocate, but as a woman and a parent, there is no reason whatever of the kind he suggests, why girls during the time that he mentions should not study precisely as boys do, and that her experience fortifies the conclusions of her science, the doctor must lower his pennon and withdraw. What an immense victory over the prejudice and reluctance of ages that the question is drawn to such a simple point! And how infinitely becoming to its consideration are perfect candor and coolness! Some years ago Mr. Higginson asked, in one of his sparkling papers, "Shall women learn the alphabet?" and last spring, at the annual meeting of the Social Science Association, he brilliantly routed the flying rear-guard of old objection. And now Dr. Clarke courteously salutes him, and says that there is no further question, save as to how women shall learn the alphabet.—Harper's Monthly for February.

COMMENTS.

The above, published in the most popular magazine in the country, shows that the cause of the co-education of the sexes is advancing. As it is one of the necessary preliminaries to the new social order system advocated by the WEEKLY, we ought to feel encouraged at witnessing so substantial a mark of the progress of correct opinion on the subject,

TRUTH AND ERROR.

A FABLE.

Young Truth and old Error in old times, 'tis said,
One night at a tavern both slept in one bed
(This language is right as I honestly hold,
For Truth is immortal, and never gets old;
While Error—in other words, fiction or lie—
Is mortal; gets old and must finally die),
And early next morning old Error arose,
And error-like, bless you, crawled into Truth's clothes;
And prone to mistake, when he saw in the mirror,
Himself in good clothes, made a still greater error,
By taking it into his erring old head
That Truth had got up and left Error in bed;
And that he, himself, was the excellent youth,
The spotless, immortal, and infallible Truth.
Thus puffed up, old Error then stumbled down-stairs,
And stalked through the bar-room with bigoted airs.
The landlord—like most other landlords, forsooth—
Seeing naught but his clothes, said—"Good morning, good
Truth!"

And then introduced him to all who were present
With gestures and smiles most exquisitely pleasant,
And all, save a thinking old skeptic looked wise,
Believing the landlord had opened their eyes
And gave them a kind introduction to Truth—
In visage a vet'ran, in dress quite a youth,
Whose features and name seemed but ill to suit,
Which made the old skeptic beg leave to dispute
His right to the good appellation he bore,
And coolly observed that the clothes which he wore
Might not be his own; but, alack! oh, alack!
Poor skeptic straightway had the crowd on his back;
And such a tongue lashing the poor fellow got
As almost consigned him to hell on the spot!
For there was a pious old priest in the room,
Whose face was long and as dark as the gloom
Of that long, cheerless night which is known at the Poles,
When Terra for months hides the sun as he rolls;
Besides, there was Error, himself, and a crowd
Of boarders, and trav'lers, all jab'ring aloud,
While the pious old priest warned the old heretic
Of his danger of being consigned to Old Nick.
While thus down below went the state of affairs,
Poor Truth had awoke from his slumber up-stairs,
And found, luckless youth, all his own garments fled,
And Error's old duds lying there in their stead.
"By Judas," said Truth, "since I'm treated so mean,
I'll walk the streets naked, before I'll be seen
In Error's black, dirty, stale, greasy old duds,
More fit to make soap than to soak in the suds!"
So, naked as nature, down-stairs went the youth
(And here was where started the phrase, "Naked Truth")
In search of his clothes, and inquiring for Error;
But all whom he met looked personified Terror;
And every one thought he was on the wrong track;
And some even told him he'd better go back;
And some sent him this way, and some that way sent,
But none told correctly which way Error went;
And a certain old saint whom he met in the hall,
Said he had not seen Error that morning at all;
And the pious old priest, the self-righteous old elf,
Grunted gravely to Truth, "You are Error yourself,
For no one but Error would ever be found
Thus basely and nakedly wandering round."
But just at this moment in came the old skeptic
(Whose stomach was rather too weak and dyspeptic
To swallow the dogmas of old Superstition,
For which he was doomed by the priests to perdition),
And, seeing the youth standing naked before him,
A kind-hearted feeling of pity came o'er him,
And thus he remarked (while the priest turned away,
Conceiving it almost indecent to stay
With two such unchristianized sinners as they):
"Thy form and thy features are, truly, fair youth,
So true I could almost receive thee for Truth;
And much am I sorry to see thee expose
Thy bare skin to bigots, who turn up their nose,
And flee thee, as though thou wert something indecen.,
As we have just seen, in a case very recent."
"Tis sad to go naked," said Truth, "I must own,
But Error has taken my garments and flown."
"Aye, aye," said the skeptic, "I saw him I'll bet;
And, seeing his coat seemed ill to set,
I coolly observed, in a skeptical tone,
That the clothes which bedecked him might not be his own.
But Lord, man! the priest on my insolence fell,
And the crowd cried 'Amen,' while he preached me to hell."
"Thus goes it forever with me and with those
Who strive to befriend me, or dare to expose
The faults of old Error," said Truth in reply;
"But mark you, kind stranger, between you and I,
Old Error is mortal, and some day must die;
But I am immortal; howe'er they annoy me,
Oppose, or abuse me, they ne'er can destroy me."
Thus having remarked, he continued his search
For Error, and found him, at last, at the Church
Stuck up in the pulpit, beside an old priest,
Whose face was as long as his sermons, at least.
Yea, there sat old Error, and still now and then,
To sanction the sermon, he'd cry out 'Amen.'
But which did the most for the sinner's salvation,
Proclaimed by the preacher, were hard to determine.
But right in the midst of the soul-saving sermon
In came naked Truth; but so light was his tread
And so fixed were his eyes on the pulpit, 'tis said,
That none of the riveted multitude 'd seen
The youth till he rose in the pulpit between
The priest and old Error, and told them his name
(But no one believed him), for what he thus came,
And why he was naked, and who had his clothes.
But when he had ended, old Error arose,
And boldly asserted, the ugly old elf,
That Truth was not Truth, but that he was, himself;
And here there arose between him and the youth
A rigid dispute, claiming each to be Truth.
But soon the old priest, being sorely afraid
That some of his flock might believe what was said
By Truth, interfered, and assuming the right
Of judging between them, in equity's spite,
Decided, with positive airs, that the youth
Had no right nor claim to the title of Truth;
And that the vile dog who would come and lay claim
To the clothes of a vet'ran, and even his name,
Deserved to be roasted in hell's hottest flame;
While for his opinion to show their respect,

'Amen,' in their pews cried the godly 'elect.'
Truth, finding himself thus surrounded by foes,
Was forced to depart without getting his clothes;
And as he departed each bigot arose
And gave him a kick and a few pious blows;
And thus friendless Truth, finding no restitution
Went through the ordeal of Church persecution.
He next went to court, to recover his clothes;
But, finding the judge and the jury all foes,
His suit he withdrew, and in friendless despair
Went wandering about through the world here and there,
Still sadly mistreated and spurned everywhere.
At length one fine evening, a village church bell
Rang loudly for sinners, who came at its knell,
To hear themselves doomed to an unending hell;
And to learn from the priest that their horrible sentence
Was not for their sins, but their vile non-repentance;
That God would be pleased to save all men—but don't,
And could if he would, but for all that he won't;
And to hear the good priest—which is funnier still,
First preach, that he won't, and then pray that he will,
And in the next breath deal damnation, undaunted
To all who believe that this prayer will be granted;
And next warn the people 'tis dangerous to touch
That vile "unbelief" which believes over much;
And that it is dangerous, heretic treason
Against the good Kingdom, to exercise reason;
While laymen, with eyes shut, and mouths open wide,
Receive like young robbers, and swallow with pride
Whatever his reverence may choose to provide;
While he, the old robin, takes wonderful care
To feed them on "hell," "faith," repentance" and "pray'r,"
"Original sin" and a "personal devil,"
Who is to Jehovah a rival coevil,
And is of all evil the king and primeval,
Or would be, I mean, if he were not a myth,
An empty, big nothing, with no point or pith,
A fabulous fiction, invented of old—
How lies are believed, when they're long enough told!
As I said, the bell rang, and the house was soon cramm'd
With sinners, all eager to hear themselves damn'd;
And Truth, unobserved, entered in as before,
And, taking a seat on a bench near the door,
Sat list'ning intent to the sanctified sermon,
And trying, meanwhile, if he could, to determine
Which sect of the whole goodly number it was
That owed to the speaker the greatest applause;
For, first preaching this way, and then preaching that,
Poor Truth could not tell what the deuce he was at.
But at length he essayed to make matters more plain
And to show that we all must be babies again,
Undergo the "new birth," and be "dipped" in the creek,
And a few other dodges to baffle Old Nick,
The horrid old hound who is aye on our track,
And trying to catch us—alack! oh, alack!
What horrid inventions, and stories he told,
To frighten the straying ones into the fold!
At length when the preacher grew warm and devout,
Truth sprang to his feet, clapped his hands and cried out:
"Hurra my good fellow! your butter and bread
Depends on the number of proselytes made;
Strive, hard, then, your dear little flock to increase;
The greater their number, the greater your fleece.
Look well to those wild ones that wander at large
Outside of the line of your pastoral charge;
Your shepherd dog, Satan, is dreadfully 'feared,'
So use him to frighten them in to be sheared;
And still while you're clipping them closely and well,
Keep up a terrific harrangue about 'hell,'
And thus by excitement, and noise in their ears,
Prevent them from hearing the sound of the shears;
For if they discover you're after the pay,
And that you are not a whit better than they
Who mind their own business, and make their own hay,
They'll flee from your kind ministerial charge,
And roam o'er the plains of sweet freedom at large;
And, instead of your grieving for sinners, as now,
You'll then grieve to think you must follow the plow,
And in fields 'earn your bread by the sweat of your brow.'"
Thus spake naked Truth, fixing sternly his eye
On the pair in the pulpit, who were, by the by,
The priest and his prompter, old Error, forsooth,
Still passing himself for infallible Truth
By wearing his garb and assuming his name
And cheating poor Truth out of fortune and fame.
But Truth now began on old Error, and told
How Error had served him in ages of old,
And how he had cheated him out of his name,
His clothes and his credit, friends, fortune and fame;
And how they'd disputed whenever they met;
And that he had never been able to get
His rights, on account of the priests, who were able
To live on old Error, and feast at his table.
But the priest and old Error now both took the floor,
And a lot of escorts, and such an uproar,
Of venomous tongue-lashing never did pour
On any poor infidel devil before
As Truth now received for his impudent speech,
For daring the clerical saints to impeach,
And lastly, and vilest of all, in the end,
Accusing the priest's worthy prompter and friend
Of doing what any good saint 'neath the sun
Could testify freely he never had done,
If brought into court as a witness to swear,
Without any knowledge about the affair;
For saints of small knowledge are sure to know more
Than infidels do, with a great deal of lore;
Learned ignorance oft can true learning outboast,
And he who knows least can oft swear to the most;
And bigots ne'er think, but are certain they know
That matters are verily just thus and so.
And hence the hard lot of the poor naked youth;
For the bigots all knew he was lying, forsooth,
And long-faced old Error was telling the truth.
And so 'twas determined by all the devout,
That Truth must be, some how or other, put out;
But times were not now as they used to be quite,
And physical force would be thought impolite;
So how to get rid of a chap so unruly
Was hard for those modernized saints to see, truly;
But whispers went round, and 'twas soon the conclusion
To fall on the plan of Revival Confusion.
And so the good priest fell to storming and thumping,
And shouters by scores began ranting and jumping.
And clapping their hands; while the rest fell to groaning,
Exhorting and praying, and singing and moaning,
And calling down blessings, while still now and then

Old Error kept crying, "bless God!" and "Amen!"
And thus they kicked up such confusion and dust,
That Truth left the church in utter disgust,
And wandered away to the woodlands so green,
Where wild birds were singing and all was serene;
And there in the calm of the soft vernal season
He met and communed with fair nature and reason.
In these he found friends so sincere and true-hearted
That since they have ne'er from each other parted;
Nor e'er disagreed in the doctrines they taught,
To which man has never lent ear as he ought,
But always made gods and religions of art,
Distorted and fashioned to suit his own heart,
Which was so depraved in its tastes and emotions,
That nothing could suit it but fabulous notions—
A crucified God, and victorious Devil,
The downfall of good, and the triumph of evil,
A populous Hell, and a pitiful Heaven,
Good infidels damned, and bad sinners forgiven.
But man is progressing, thank God, and each day
Is slowly dissolving old dogmas away.
So let us be doing whatever we can
To learn the true God, and to live the true man,
To "cease to do evil, and learn to do well,"
And ascend the true Heaven from out the true Hell.

GEORGE W. SEEVERS, SR.

WINTERSSET, Iowa, March 8, 1870.

MORALITY IN CHICAGO.

[From the Detroit Daily Union, Feb. 3.]

The Chicago Tribune has excited the righteous indignation of its contemporary the Times by an article that it has recently published, entitled "Pretty Waiter Girls." And this journal in its pious zeal, and inspired by the thought that the moral and religious interests of Chicago are committed to its care, proceeds to castigate the Tribune for its immorality in language borrowed, we should imagine, from the gutter, thus verifying the old adage that "the remedy is worse than the disease." The whole article furnishes very peculiar Sunday reading for Christian people, and in order that the spiritual good of subscribers may not suffer. We find another article couched in language the reverse of classic, under the head of "Blackmailing Women," in which we encounter the astounding assertion that woman's reputation is established upon a foundation absolutely secure, that the "chivalry of civilization has so girded her about with the means of protection that she is almost unassailable." This will be news to most women. Again, we read that it "is within the power of almost any woman to ruin a man's reputation." That, in fact, "woman is supreme;" that man is "wrapped in trustful confidence" and entirely at the mercy of the once weaker sex. In illustration of this theory the Sunday Times proceeds to relate an incident that occurred to a gentleman in that city, the victim of his hired girl, who, awaking from his innocent and peaceful slumbers, in the absence of his wife, beheld his designing and wicked domestic, the "upper servant" of the household, "adorned with little more than sunbeams standing by the washstand making her toilet." Whereupon, despite the chivalry of civilization that so girded her around, this gallant gentleman, trembling for his delicate reputation, that a breath might sully, "kicked the temptress out of the room;" which of course gives us a taste of the quality of his "chivalry." We should have thought his sensitive regard for his character would have induced him to lock his bedroom door, knowing that he was under the same roof and completely at the mercy of designing women. We are then regaled with an account of several attempts made by women to blackmail the immaculate gentlemen of Chicago. In every instance save one, and that one alas! a clergyman, these victims of women's treachery resisted temptation with a Spartan virtue that throws the character of Joseph—the solitary instance of masculine purity recorded in the Bible—quite into the shade. This is the gist of the article in question, and it is refreshing reading, for it proves that, aside from the arduous duties of the editor of the Times in "regenerating the church," he has met with a change of heart regarding the "social question" in his own person. Mr. Hammond, the great revivalist, need not visit Chicago: the men of that city, with the exception of the wicked editor of the Tribune, are sans peur et sans reproche, and the women are girdled about with the "chivalry of civilization," and are, therefore, "unassailable."

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

WORCESTER, MASS., February 4, 1874.

Eds. Weekly—This "heart of the Commonwealth" is likely to be the scene of some commotion in regard to taxation without representation. It seems that there are three or four persons here who are likely to actively protest against the present male regime in a way to attract attention and test the confidence the "law and order" devotees have in the justice of the same.

It would seem that up to this time the officials have not had full confidence in the rule as it stands, for they have not enforced it rigidly against one woman here, Miss Sarah Wall, who, it is stated, has resisted the law for thirteen years, with good success. Abby Kelly Foster, who resides here, has also done the same, and now Mrs. Marietta Flagg joins the number who are bent on active warfare. It will be worth while for all true friends of woman's elevation to the status of an individual sovereign to watch this movement, and hold themselves in reserve, should occasion demand, to comfort this brave band of skirmishers.

The needle of abstract right ever points rightly, and in these times, when justice seems to have fled the legislative hall as well as the court, it becomes us to have frequent recourse to the compass of eternal equity, in order to define our course. Let justice be done though the heavens fall, and the more justice is done the less danger there is, in all situations.

A. B. D.

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Office, 111 Nassau Street, Room 9.



"The diseases of society can, no more than corporeal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language."—JOHN STUART MILL.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1874.

PHOTOGRAPHS—PRICES REDUCED.

We have been able to make arrangements by which we can now offer our photographs—Victoria C. Woodhull's, Tennie C. Claflin's and Col. J. H. Blood's—at fifty cents each, or three for a dollar. Thanking the many friends who heretofore aided us in our lawsuits by purchasing at the former high rates, we trust that others who did not feel able to procure them, will avail themselves of the present opportunity, and send for the photo's for themselves and friends.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY.

Even if the panic has drained your small means. This condition has been brought about by our false systems of government—finance, taxation and internal improvements. It is one of the special missions of the WEEKLY to explode these fallacies and to advocate better systems. Read the prospectus in another column, and compare a system based upon its propositions with this one that has culminated in the anarchy and confusion that reigns in the country now—politically, financially, socially. The WEEKLY is devoted to practical measures of reform, and to the elucidation of the principles upon which they must be based; and is, therefore, the most important journal published.

LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.

Victoria C. Woodhull has engaged to deliver lectures in the cities named below. We would request our readers in the vicinity of these places to apprise their friends of this opportunity of hearing her:

St. Paul, Minn.....	Feb 11.
Eau Claire, Wis.....	" 13.
Minneapolis, Minn.....	" 14.
Fon du Lac, ".....	" 17.
Milwaukee, ".....	" 19.
Chicago, Ill.....	" 21.

There may be some variation from the above as regards dates; but friends will be able to learn this from the local papers, in which they will be duly announced.

Tennie C. Claflin accompanies Mrs. Woodhull, and will make appointments to lecture at places contiguous to the route given above.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Bills for subscription that have expired are now being sent in the papers weekly. We specially request that all who receive them will reply to them at once. Those who do not wish to renew will remit what is now due and order the paper discontinued. Those who wish to renew, will please send their subscriptions, upon receiving which a receipt for the same will be returned. Again permit us to say, Do not delay doing one or the other of these things.

DAVIS THE JUDGE vs. DAVIS THE MAN.

David Davis, now a Judge of the United States Supreme Court, was, as our readers will undoubtedly remember, the nominee of the Columbus Convention—the National Labor Union Party—for the Presidency. It will also be remembered that, for a long time, he neither accepted nor declined the nomination; nor was it until, as was conjectured by many who were behind the scenes, a sufficient length of time had elapsed to trade upon the circumstances, that the Labor Party came to know they were to have no candidate for the campaign. More than this: It was openly charged by men of influence and prominence in that party, that the nomination had been manipulated purposely to trade upon, and that the candidates were knowing to the intention, if indeed not parties to it.

But Judge Davis is now a member of the highest judicial tribunal known to the country, to which it has been supposed that none but men of the highest integrity and honesty could attain. Can it be true that this tribunal, like all other departments of the government, has become vitiated by the general desire for pecuniary profit? It was, indeed, rather a singular circumstance that an eminent jurist, who counted his wealth by millions, should consent that his name should be used by a committee composed of men who at least were supposed to represent justice to industry; while this fact, in connection with the things above hinted at, surround the whole affair with an air of mystery which will probably never be dispelled until all shall see as not "through a glass, darkly," but "face to face."

This illustrious Judge is a resident of Bloomington, Illinois, where much of his honestly-earned (?) millions is located. Durley Hall, now the most popular, the largest and really the only comfortable lecture-room in Bloomington, forms a portion of this wealth. Schroeder's new Opera House is, however, soon to be the popular resort. It is now in process of reconstruction, having been greatly enlarged and beautified. Dr. Schroeder is a prominent citizen, whose liberality and generous public spirit in the conduct of his house stands in striking contrast to that of the owner of Durley Hall.

But now to the point. It may not be generally known to the readers of the WEEKLY that the lecture appointments announced in these columns are arranged by Chas. E. Locke, Esq., Manager of Coates' Opera House, Kansas City, Mo. In the regular order of business, he applied to one Smith, agent for Judge Davis of Durley Hall, for its use, by telegraph from Kansas City, as follows:

"I want your hall for a lecture, March 28. What is the lowest price?"

To this dispatch the following answer was received:

"I have booked you for Durley Hall, March 28. Price, thirty dollars. (Signed) SMITH, Agent."

A return telegraphic acceptance was also sent; and thus matters stood until the arrival in Bloomington of the advance advertising agent. It had, in some way, become known to this man Smith that the lecture was to be given by Victoria C. Woodhull, and this, in turn, to Judge Davis. It is understood, in fact it was so said, that Smith received positive instructions to not open the hall, in any event, for any such lecture. At least in refusing to comply with his own bargain and contract, which he had the authority, as agent, to make, he explained that it was not from any personal objection of his, but that he had received positive instructions to emphatically refuse, let the consequences be what they might.

He knew he had made a legal contract that could be enforced; but he objected that Mr. Locke had not stated it was to be "Mrs. Woodhull" who was to lecture. It will be seen, however, that this is a mere pretense, since if he had cared to know who was to occupy the hall, it was his business to have asked before renting it. Nobody will for a moment imagine that any such objection would have any legal bearing. The fact of the case is just this: Judge Davis entertains such a prejudice against Mrs. Woodhull, that rather than have her use his hall to speak in, he would violate all principles not only of business but of personal and legal honor.

This positive refusal, which the advance agent could not overcome, called Mr. Locke from Kansas City to Bloomington. Meanwhile the advertising had gone on, both in the city papers and by various other methods, that the lecture was to be in Durley Hall. This brought out denials in the papers from the agent Smith; and this despotic refusal in turn drew comment from various citizens, and the whole question of free speech was pretty carefully gone over. To the honor of Bloomington be it said, that there were none to be found outside of the Young Men's Christian Association who dared to uphold Judge Davis' action. Not even his special organ, the *Daily Pantagraph*, attempted to defend him.

Thus the war waged until almost the whole local population was engaged in it; besides this, it spread out into the country generally through the Chicago papers, which had given general publicity to nearly all the facts. The citizens almost universally regarded it as an infamous attempt to suppress free speech, or else an unpardonable presumption on the part of Judge Davis to dictate to them what they should have the privilege of hearing; in other words, an attempt by him to become public censor—something that no body of citizens, having a spark of the spirit that framed the Declaration of Independence left, can quietly submit to.

But this is the way that Judge Davis argued. He would neither open the hall, according to agreement nor pay damages. His only answer was, Sue! sue! sue! He knew very well that the legal aspect of the case was against him; but he also knew that we could not afford to break our engagements to wait upon the law's delays, which could be extended probably to months! Upon this he depended for immunity for his broken faith and moral delinquency. It was immoral for him to permit "Mrs. Woodhull" to speak in Durley Hall; but it was not so for him to disregard a sacred engagement.

When at last it became necessary to make other arrangements for the lecture, the agent was asked to reimburse the expense that had been incurred in the change of hall, which he answered by asking the applicant out to "take a drink," probably in his state of moral torpidity regarding this as the height of honor.

But we lectured in Bloomington in spite of Judge Davis and all his machinations, and that, too, to an audience that filled Phoenix Hall in every part. Nor would one lecture satisfy the public, and the second was given to a still larger house the next night. This was such a protest against the action of Judge David Davis as had not anticipated, and Smith began to think there had been a "mull" made of the whole affair. Evidently, could he have receded, he would have done so; but the die was cast, the fiat had gone forth, that David Davis had attempted to limit the right of free speech in Bloomington, and had failed, miserably failed.

But there is still another and still more damning phase of this case against Judge David Davis. He, being a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is sworn to protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, which instrument declares that no laws shall be made to abridge the freedom of speech or of the press. Here, however, was a direct attempt by him to abridge the freedom of speech, by closing his hall, which he had leased, against "Victoria C. Woodhull." Had a suit been brought to recover damage and over which he, Davis, had presided, he would have been obliged to decide against himself.

So here we have the sad spectacle of a man occupying a seat in the highest tribunal known to the country, who will descend to do as a man what he would not dare to do as a judge. It is sad enough to have to mark the general demoralization and personal dishonesty and degradation that has of late years so rapidly found its way into the legislative and executive departments of the government; but we should begin really to sound the alarm when we find the same spirit exhibiting itself in the Supreme Court. This has always been considered the bulwark of our free institutions, against which all outside corruption might battle in vain. Can it really be that the corruptions of appointment that are known to exist in connection with almost every official executive appointment, has at last, in the Grant Administration, crept into the Supreme Court of the United States? This David Davis business would seem strongly to indicate such a demoralization, to say nothing about not less than two other appointments to the same high position made under the present "dynasty." This has been broadly intimated, in respect to these later ones, by numerous papers, some even, pretendedly at least, favorable to the republican party.

If these things are found really to be, as it seems they must, in keeping with the general tendencies of the legislative and executive departments of the government, then, indeed, must our political institutions fall, and that too without any special revolutionary influences which are now actively at work to either reform or dethrone the present powers. In any event matters cannot be made worse, and there is every hope in change for the oppressed of all classes, let it come in the form of popular reaction or revolution; and when it does come, such men as David Davis can never again attain to the position of Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE LABOR CAUSE.

Without pretending to prophetic inspiration, it may be asserted that the millenium will not be far off when the curse, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," is humbly accepted, and men and women set before themselves the task to fulfill its behest with willing hearts. The real needs of mankind are few, but their artificial requirements are almost without limit. Napoleon I. declared that the one vice of intemperance paid him sixty millions of francs per annum, but all the virtues of France would not supply him with half the sum. Tobacco costs the people of America more than bread, and fashion and war are far greater burdens to the nation than the national debt. The cost of these latter is not confined to the wealthy only, in proportion they not unfrequently tax the day laborer more than they do the millionaire. Believing that the reforms required by working men and women will not be obtained without their own strenuous exertions, it would be well for them to present their claims at the bar of the world with clean hands. The apostles were commanded to preach the gospel to all nations—"beginning at Jerusalem." Let us imitate their example, and begin our reforms "at home."

The first of these to which we ought to turn our attention is the overthrow of whatever dissensions exist among us. Manual laborers may (but ought not to) be divided into two grand divisions—agricultural and mechanical. Their interests are one, and united they can easily remodel our

present and dictate our future laws. Until now they could not coalesce, for there could be no sympathy between Isaac and Ishmael.

How stands the case now? The nation has abjured its great sin. The government has selected negroes to represent it in foreign countries; members of their race have been admitted to the sanctum sanctorum of our legislative temple; but the baneful spirit of caste still hangs out its red flag over several of our working-men's unions. We must deserve victory before we can obtain it. Parties are agitated as to which will secure the vote of the negro. The Republican party says—it is mine! The Democratic party is casting about for a catch-penny bait to lure it from its present allegiance. In reality, neither owns it. It belongs to the Labor party. The price of it was proffered in the resolution passed by the Labor Congress, at Chicago:

"Resolved, That the placing a money value on the gifts of the Deity, viz: the lands, mines and water-courses, is sacrilegious."

White mechanics can claim no merit in admitting their brother laborers, "black agriculturists," to their ranks on a footing of perfect equality. The mechanic stands on the agriculturist, not the agriculturist on the mechanic. All labor is honorable, and that which is most despised is dignified by being most necessary. Without school-teachers, the next generation would have a little less book-learning, but without scavengers our cities would be decimated by pestilence. Mr. Colfax said, in a late address: "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality"—was an American motto. Political equality, as regards males, has been secured by the Fifteenth Amendment. Intellectual equality is provided for in our public schools. There is yet to be established something like Material Equality, before we can claim to have founded a permanent Republic. If there be any class among us which does need the latter requirement, it is certain that it ought not to be that class to whom the country is indebted for its material wealth.

This leads us to look back at another reform which is loudly demanded by the labor class. It is the movement against the present money system. Here, again, let us begin at "Jerusalem" first. To the poor East Indian, the idol Jugernaut was a terrible deity, demanding a yearly dole of blood and human lives. To the European, the same idol is only a misused stick of timber. It is so with Mammon. He is powerful only because we worship him; if we reserve our homage, he will be what he ought to be—our slave! The Scotch carpenter refused to bow to the figure of the Virgin, although tears were running down the cheeks of the image. When rebuked for his hard-heartedness, he replied: "I fixed her yesterday in her place, and I put two four-inch screws into her back; if she could have cried, she would have cried then." It is easy to take modern Mammon to pieces and see how he has been made. First, the legalization of usury or interest for money, which occurred in the sixteenth century. Second, the extension of his power by the national debt monstrosity. Third, the issue of paper money by governments and individuals *ad libitum*. That is how he has been made.

Everything our fathers could do to protect us against the encroachments of the money power they have done in the Constitution. Claiming for Congress the right to issue bills of credit, they forbade that power to the States. However, the States persevered in using it, until the war of the Rebellion, and then only partially relinquished it. Although now the States do not authorize the issue of bills of credit, they sanction by laws bills of credit issued by corporations and individuals. Our fathers claimed for the central government no farther powers over the money of the nation than "to coin it and regulate its value." Having done this, in order to keep Congress honest, they vested in the States only the power to declare gold and silver a tender in payment for debts. For paper money we are indebted to the vivid imagination of legislators, not to the Constitution.

Mr. McCulloch and our later Secretaries of the Treasury, have been much exercised by the usury laws of certain States. Money is intractable as regards law. Still, those pleasant fictions termed "Usury laws" were offensive to Mammon. Some of the States have, consequently, annulled them. This is a step in the right direction. There are those who will worship the golden calf, but the people's law ought to sanction no such idolatry. Aristotle tells us, "money was invented for a medium of exchange for labor, and it is only in that character it ought to obtain an entrance into our courts of law."

Many other reforms may be well begun at home. The temperance movement and the peace movement. The first is as valuable in the cottage as in the nation. The Ohio crusade against intemperance is good; but is there not a little intemperance in the method of carrying it out? As regards the other, the working classes commonly pay the expenses of all wars twice over. First in blood, then in money. That is, as regards the latter, they are paying them, it cannot be said that any nation has paid them, for such debts seem to be immortal. Guns and pistols are terrible playthings for human beings. Those who keep the elephant must feed him, and those dumb tools are ravenous gluttons. How much worse than wasted human genius has been turned to the production of implements of war? One can fancy the joy which the inventor experienced on putting the finishing touch to the sewing-machine, worthily earning the blessing of humanity upon his labors; but surely the man who can pass his life planning murders, and waste his

energies in devising a new implement of destruction, ought to be rewarded like the engineer in Hamlet, viz.: "Hoist with his own petard."

It is important also never to forget, that the labor reforms, now progressing so grandly in almost all civilized nations, are instituted and intended for the common good of mankind. There is no class legislation about them. To labor is a duty imposed upon all men by the Deity. To seek to evade it is folly. To issue money in countless quantities, and to aim to build up aristocracies on land or money, terminates in anarchy and revolution. Such classifications may succeed for a time under a monarchy, but in such a Republic as ours, they can expect but a very limited term of existence. Our political system is an American institution. It is the child of the Revolutionary war. It is native and to the manor born. Our financial and industrial systems are importations from Great Britain. They suited well that country of castes; these to rule, those to sell, and then again the many to labor. "Swap man for goods," says the political economist. "Amen," says Society. The English State Church looks down upon the ignorant mass laboring at his feet, and ejaculates, "Right. Do your duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to place you." But this apathy will not answer for us. Every few months the genius of American liberty knocks at the doors of our factories, or calls down the mouths of our coat-pits, Come, I want you to choose a President, a Governor, a Senator, or a Representative, as the case may be. Is it any wonder that the laborer demands that the daily term of labor be limited to eight hours? He has other duties to perform. If our political system be correct, he has a right to demand time and opportunity to develop his faculties, physical, intellectual and moral. When he ceases to use these rightly, we shall cease to exist as a republic.

JAMIESON, BEECHER & CO.

In another part of this paper it will be seen that we are taken to task for our defense of the doctrines of the great Nazarene. We discriminate between "Churchianity" and "Christianity." Mr. Jamieson thinks brother Beecher is right in condemning the Sermon on the Mount. We do not. If there be any fault in it, it is that it is above humanity, not below it. Bishop Stillington put the matter in a nutshell when he said: "To do evil for good is the part of a devil; to do evil for evil is the part of a beast; to do good for good is the part of a man; but to do good for evil is the part of a God." In the Sermon on the Mount, man is ordered to perform the latter operation, but, it is needless to add, he has never obeyed the injunction.

Brother Jamieson and brother Beecher are agreed in calling the Sermon on the Mount, ironically, "a precious dispensation." It is not precious to them. They know better. Yet the Nazarene was a great legislator.

We do not defend the great Jewish reformer on the orthodox plan. It is of no consequence to us whether his father was a ghost or a carpenter. We hold he was as liable to err as other mortals. But we recognize in him a true friend of the masses. As Wendell Phillips said of him, he was the seditious of the streets of Judea. More than that, he was ever the deadly foe of mammon, and, consequently, the true friend of humanity.

Mr. Jamieson says "that the doctrines of Jesus cannot be sustained;" we reply, rub out the parables of the Nazarene and you will leave a gap in the literature of the world that cannot be filled. Their glory is their simplicity. Children read them and love them. The fault the WEEKLY finds with Society is that it is not Christian. Popular parsons, like Beecher, are obliged to condemn the teachings of the Nazarene in order to please "Society."

Mr. Jamieson asks us to point out where the command against "the laying up of treasures" applied to the poor only. We decline, asserting that the command was general. Mr. Jamieson proves that it was so, by the quotation following his question.

Now for the sword business. Does Mr. Jamieson really believe that the Nazarene was a friend of war? Surely not. He certainly commanded his followers to sell their garments and buy swords. Was that a military command? Will Mr. Jamieson allow a little hyperbole for an eastern teacher who was not a God. As to his statement that the reformer's curse is not nationally carried out, we join issue. If ever a nation depended on the sword it was ancient Rome, in its zenith of power, at the time of Christ. Where is it now? Gone—and its glory departed forever. Verily, the Nazarene is right. "Those who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

A superficial view of the matter would justify the statement of Mr. Jamieson that "the gospel of the Nazarene has been a dispensation of blood." A closer view of the matter would disprove it. Possibly the only sect who carried out the views of the great Jewish reformer were the Essenes—who lived in villages, eschewed wealth, and had all things in common. They didn't fight. The world defeated Peter in the matter of Communism. Yet Communism is Christianity; and, in the near future, the Catholic Church, must, in self-defense, prove it to be so. We await the issue. On the one part the Kaiser of Germany, on the other the Pope of Rome.

CRUEL CHRISTIANITY.

The Morrison *Independent* of Illinois takes the New York *Independent* to task for its brutal attack on the people who desired to assemble lately in Tompkins square, but were not permitted to do so by the police authorities of New York City. As the semi-Christian New York *Independent* asserts that such an assemblage of the people was contrary to the laws of the State of New York, for it says,

"As a matter of prudence, the police authorities of the city determined last week, as they had a right to do under the laws of this State, that the proposed procession of these disorganizers should not be tolerated in the public streets."

It is plain that the D. D.'s who manipulate it are sadly in want of an LL.D. also. But though the article itself is mere vituperation and balderdash, yet we are glad that it has been published: 1st, Because it exhibits the bloody and merciless animus of our pious brethren, who wish to put their God in the Constitution; and 2d, Because it has elicited a noble reply from the Morrison *Independent*, from which we extract the concluding remarks, which we hold to be appropriate to the present time:

"We are among that class of workingmen—not foreigners—who appreciate the privileges of a free government, and hope to live to see the day when these privileges will be enjoyed. That ours is a free government to-day in anything more than a name, we deny. It is a government in which labor is robbed on a broader and grander scale than in most of the governments of Europe. Never, in any country under the face of the whole heavens, has the concentration of wealth taken place so rapidly as here, since the close of the rebellion; and now the conditions are appealing to the higher law. Workingmen's processions may be prohibited by Pope and Council, by ordinance and law; but the time will come when these will have no more effect than the Pope's bull against the comet."

"The editor of the New York *Independent* says he would go to all lengths in his private charities. No doubt of it; he is all philanthropy. But his charity ought not to be so severely taxed. Let all 'good citizens and true working men' accept of Mr. Bowen's generous charities. We, who are only Communists and 'disturbers of public order,' will be hanged first, we are the people whose right it is if any one's, to bestow charities; we build palatial residences for Mr. Bowen and the great Plymouth church, whose pews rent for \$300 and \$400 a year, and some day we are going to tear them down, or at least the foundations on which they rest."

The character of the article in the New York *Independent* to which the above extract is an answer, its singular conclusions and ecclesiastical "uncommon sense," may be seen at a glance in the following sentences:

"Riotous assemblages are best taken care of by not permitting them to assemble at all. This nips the thing in the bud, and prevents the evil before it really exists."

This style of argument is like that peace "which passeth all understanding," and it is doubtful if a yoke of more rampant bulls ever issued (we will not say from Rome) but from the Green Island itself.

HOLY CANDLES.

There can be no better method used to prevent the spread of Catholicism in this country than the exposition of its puerilities to the public. The following extract from the N. Y. *Sun* is, therefore, timely and appropriate. In these times, when Spiritualism is in the field, candle-blessing must, of necessity, be at a discount. It might answer for the past, but it will not answer for the present:

"The blessing of the candles was pronounced yesterday in the forty-one Roman Catholic churches of this city, at Candlemas. At least one blessed candle must burn at the bedside of every dying person; and for this emergency Roman Catholics provide by bringing for the benediction of Candlemas a pound of candles, or five, or a single candle, contributing as many of these as they choose for the use of the sanctuary. Candlemas is celebrated at the festival of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, which in this country is not a feast of obligation. It is in memory of the mother our Lord going to the temple of Jerusalem to be purified forty days after the birth of Jesus, and is called Candlemas because before the Mass is said the candles for the whole year are blessed, being sprinkled with holy water. These festivals are observed together, because when Mary presented Jesus in the temple, the aged Simeon, taking the child in his arms, called him a 'light to the Gentiles and the glory of the people of Israel.'"

"Vicar-General Quinn officiated in the cathedral at 9 A. M., assisted by the Rev. Father Kearney. The candles were piled in boxes at the right hand of the altar, and if that quantity were multiplied by forty-one, there were thousands of pounds in New York blessed yesterday. After the Mass they were removed to a long platform table within the sanctuary and given to their owners, who thronged in front of the railing. Half a dozen stragglers came after the blessing was pronounced—a girl, with a small bunch, a little boy with one candle, marked 'W. Gaynor,' and a man or two, with a few. They seemed disappointed at being too late, but laid their candles on the rail, and at some hour of the day they received a special blessing."

The Turkish peddler, as he goes through the streets of Constantinople, bawls, "In the name of the most holy prophet—Figs!" Here, it seems the Catholic Church parodies the same by virtually saying: "In the name of the most holy Catholic Church—candles." The new development called "Spiritualism" takes no notice either of figs or candles, but demands a stricter attention to the physical condition of humanity. It virtually says, leave dreaming of the Deity of whom we can know nothing, and attend strictly to the needs of mankind, of whom we know something. Which is the best faith for human beings to follow, let the American people judge.

NOTICE.

Our readers and the public generally are respectfully informed that Mr. Francis R. Barry, one of the secretaries of the American Woman's Emancipation Society, is not responsible for the report of the same, contained in No. 160 of the WEEKLY.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

It is the belief of the WEEKLY that the present corrupted course of justice is largely due to the exclusion of the female element from the jury box, and more especially from the bench. Those who believe in Jewish theology should remember that while justice was represented in the ark, there was also a "mercy seat" above the ark, on which the shekina or visible presence of the Deity was said to have rested. In our law courts we have forgotten the mercy seat almost entirely, and the consequence is that a criminal trial has become a complicated game rather than an exposition of justice. There are occasionally, however, brilliant exceptions to the hard rulings of exact law, one of which, that occurred during the past week, we take pleasure in laying before our readers:

ESSEX MARKET POLICE-COURT.

A sad case, illustrating most forcibly the misery of penury going on throughout the city, was brought before the court yesterday. Charles Lange, whose residence was given on the returns as No. 23 Forsyth street, was brought up for being drunk. Officer Draffin, who arrested him, said he found him in the street, apparently drunk. The prisoner, who is of decent appearance, when asked what he had to say, replied, "Nothing," in a vacant manner. Seeing a young and modest-looking woman crying bitterly at the rear of the prisoner, the Judge asked her if she was related to the accused. She replied that she was his wife, and told the Judge that they were married ten months ago and that her husband, who never drinks, had been out of work for the past three months. He went out yesterday morning early, in search of a job, after bidding her good-by. She said she believed her husband was not drunk, but had taken poison. He then confessed that, becoming discouraged at the prospect of starvation staring him in the face, he got some laudanum and drank it. He was suffering from the effects of it when he was arrested. Justice Otterbourg became interested in the couple, and handed a \$5 bill to the woman and gave good advice to the man. He also procured some assistance from the Fourteenth Assembly District Relief Association and gave it to them. The Judge also intends speaking to some friends with a view of procuring a situation of some kind for Lange, who is well educated.

If what the great Nazarine said be correct—viz.: "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," Judge Otterbourg will have no reason to repent of his leniency in the present instance.

COME ON, MACDUFF!

Last week attention was called to the letter of "Rationalist," who desired to measure himself with a Spiritual opponent, *alias* a ghost. He was provided with one contestant in our last; this week, an offer is going the rounds of the press which is worthy of his notice and also of that of our men of science, and of the clergy. It is as follows:

"Lancaster, a quiet Massachusetts town, has a mill ghost. As soon as it is dark the scuttle-door leading to the lower basement of Carter's mill is raised by the spirit of one of the departed proprietors, singular sights are seen, and strange noises heard. One hundred dollars has been offered to any person who will sleep in the mill at night."

Now then, gentlemen, you whose special duty it is to instruct the public with regard to matters which you are in the habit of calling "supernatural," here is a veritable ghost who has thrown his hat into the ring, and a hundred dollars is offered to any human being who will dare to pick it up. Now is the time for Rationalists, Scientists and parsons to make a little money. Come forward, gentlemen; the Lancaster ghost is on guard to-night. Come forward, and unravel the mystery.

PROTESTANT CELIBACY.

The following exhibits the sad state of the matrimonial market among the wealthy followers of the lowly Jesus. It is chiefly remarkable for its termination, which seems to indorse celibacy in Protestant churches, on the ground that many of the younger members of such churches are unworthy to perpetuate their species:

"The writers in some of our magazines are becoming anxious as to the growing celibacy among the wealthy and fashionable classes of society. They say that when all were poor, all could afford to be married; but now, with ten times more wealth and comfort than our fathers had, our young men are 'too poor to marry!' We do not confess to any anxiety ourselves on this subject. When young men get so proud they will not begin their married life in a cottage, and young women get so fashionable that they must follow all the tortuosities of a grasshopper and the Grecian bend, we cannot regard celibacy as anything else than a merciful provision of Providence against the perpetuation of the species."

The above is taken from the *Christian Union*, which is an authority on all matters pertaining to rich Christians, if, after the Great Nazarene's repeated condemnations of wealth, there can be such people as "rich" Christians.

MRS. WOODHULL'S SPEECHES.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE; OR, WHY DO WE DIE?—The extraordinary demand for this pamphlet has already consumed two large editions; but another is now ready, and all demands for it will be promptly supplied. Single copies, twenty-five cents, or six for a dollar.

Beside this, we also have on hand Mrs. Woodhull's latest speech, "Reformation or Revolution, Which? or, Behind the Political and Social Scenes," which has created a most profound sensation wherever it has been delivered: price, the same as above. We have also a supply of "The Principles of Social Freedom," the original Steinway Hall speech, the introduction to the present social agitation, and the "Scarecrows of Sexual Slavery." Three of any, or any three, of these speeches will be sent, postage paid, for fifty

cents. Send for them for yourselves and friends, and circulate them among the opposition, and especially procure their reading by all ministers and doctors in your region.

NONE OF THAT.

There is an insolence about the following statement that ought to be rebuked. It is the special province of the WEEKLY to offend the dignity of the public by calling attention to all such matters, and we object to all interlopers:

"GLIMPSES.—The Moral Education Association will hold a meeting on Wednesday, February 4, 3 P. M., at 3 Tremont Place. The paper read will be one from Nicholas E. Boyd, on 'Sexual Holiness.' All interested are invited to attend."

Now, Nicholas, be careful what you say. Sexual holiness has long been separated from education, and ever will be until there is no separation of the sexes in the schools of the State.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL IN THE WEST.

COMMENTS OF THE LOCAL PRESS.

[From the *Galesburg (Ill.) Republican*, Jan. 22, 1874.]

It rained on yesterday evening, as probably most of our readers know; in fact, it poured. The circumstance, doubtless, prevented a large audience from assembling at the Opera House, to hear the lecture of the famous Victoria C. Woodhull. Victoria lectured, nevertheless, and proclaimed her startling sentiments in no less startling language. Much that she said was true enough, and said in unexceptionable phraseology. This was particularly the fact in her advice to mothers, which would have proved a profitable lesson to every mother in Galesburg.

[From the *State Journal*, Springfield, Ill., Jan. 26.]

Though perhaps Mrs. Woodhull's audience at the Opera House was not as large last night as it would have been had she not been prevented by a railroad accident from fulfilling her engagement the previous evening, still there were few empty seats, and the audience was a most respectable one and very attentive.

She is decidedly attractive appearing, and in the delivery of her lecture was natural, perfectly self-possessed, and at times especially earnest. The opening part of the lecture was devoted to a discussion of the subject of political reform, and while, of course, taking exceptions to her ultra views in some respects, it must be confessed that there was much said that is commendable in the highest degree. She arraigned much of the hypocrisy of the day in terms severe and scathing, and her protest against latter day shams, though terrific, was generally indorsed by her hearers. Discussing the social question, she advocated the observance of the oft-neglected Greek maxim, "Know thyself." She earnestly insisted upon the necessity of truth and knowledge between mothers and their offspring, as calculated to prevent much of the crime, prostitution and misery of the present day. This subject she handled without gloves; and while earnestly protesting against prudery and the false modesty or delicacy which prevents parents from adequately preparing their children to meet and combat the trials of life, her remarks were none too forcible, but, on the contrary, timely; and so regarded by her auditors.

Mrs. Woodhull told a great many truths concerning the male prostitutes, whom, she insisted, should be punished equally with the females, and this sentiment was vigorously applauded. There were not many ladies present, and yet to those who look at nature squarely, and are not averse to plain speaking upon a subject of importance, there was nothing said which those who fear not plain, blunt English would blush to hear. Whatever else may be said of Mrs. Woodhull and her advanced ideas, as a lecturer she is a success. She has a fine voice, is eloquent, and her elocutionary powers are very superior.

[From the *Decatur (Ill.) Magnet*, Jan. 27.]

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York city, discoursed on "Reformation or Revolution, Which? or, Behind the Political and Social Scenes," for an hour and forty minutes, at the Opera House last evening, to a fair and intelligent audience.

Mrs. Woodhull was preceded in her lecture by her little daughter, who has a remarkable voice for one of her tender years, and gives promise of attaining high rank in oratory.

After the poem, Mrs. Woodhull stepped upon the stage and delivered her lecture. She is a fearless, eloquent talker, and in this respect has no superior, if even an equal, in the American lecture field.

At the conclusion of her lecture she stated that her sister, Miss Clafflin, would lecture in the same place on the "Ethics of Sexual Equality," to-morrow evening, and, thanking the audience for their polite and patient attention, retired.

[From the *Decatur (Ill.) Republican*, Jan. 27.]

Our reporter called upon Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Tennie C. Clafflin at the St. Nicholas Hotel yesterday. They are both ladies of marked intelligence and extensive information, not only in relation to matters connected with the subjects upon which they lecture, but their fund of general information is almost exhaustless. The latter remains in town until Wednesday evening, when she will lecture at the Opera House upon "Sexual Equality."

[From the *Leader*, Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 29.]

A large and intelligent audience occupied Phoenix Hall last evening, to hear Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull deliver her lecture on "Political Reform." Probably all who attended expected to hear something sensational, and no one left the hall disappointed in this respect. As a speaker Mrs. Woodhull is a success. She possesses a large supply of that magnetism that characterizes the true orator. She commenced

her lecture by showing up the corruptions of our political system, and finally branched off upon the social question, and indulged in some exceedingly plain talk in regard thereto. To attempt a synopsis of her lecture would be useless. The burden of it seemed to be that everything connected with the present order of society is all out of joint. From her standpoint honesty and virtue in politics, religion and the social world have no existence. If she is to be believed, the affairs of government, from the highest to the lowest positions, are in the hands of thieves; the Church is one seething mass of corruption and hypocrisy, and the social system is a vast hot-bed of prostitution and social debauchery. She would have a division of the property of the country, giving to each an equal portion. In the social world she would do away with the marriage relation as it now exists. Her lecture contained many truths. That there is much dishonesty in the politics of the country is too true. That there is a great deal of hypocrisy in the religious world is a fact to be regretted, but not to be denied. That there is much social degradation existing is patent to all. In one respect we were agreeably disappointed last evening. We had expected to hear much that was indecent and obscene, but to those who are willing to look nature square in the face there was nothing that need shock the modesty of even the most refined. That the speaker is in earnest in the expression of her views there is no doubt, and to this earnestness, probably, much that seems so sweeping in her assertions is due.

[From the *Pantagraph*, Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 30.]

Mrs. Woodhull delivered her second lecture last evening in Turner Hall, on South Madison street. The subject of her lecture was the social question, which she handled with that utter fearlessness, earnestness and eloquence that characterized her first lecture. Most of her audience went to Turner Hall expecting to hear the marriage relation, as recognized by the law and the Christian world, attacked and denounced, and they heard it, and the attack was more fierce, and the denunciation more bitter, perhaps, than they had ever dreamed the tongue of man or woman could pronounce. Many of the audience of last evening visited Turner Hall to hear a woman degrade her sex by vulgarity and obscenity, and we are pleased to say that those who did were very badly mistaken, for Mrs. Woodhull, while she dealt with plain facts in unmistakable language, used no expression that savored of vulgarity or obscenity that could be so interpreted by any save the mind that gloats over the filth of degraded human nature. The Christian churches were savagely attacked and denounced, and arraigned as being the abettors of all the evil on earth, and the cloaks for crimes not hinted of even in the decalogue. Victoria told more truth in each of her lectures here than we often hear condensed into a discourse of two hours.

She tore aside the veil of mock modesty and sham, and revealed the skeletons that haunt the lives of millions, giving utterance to sentiments that the inmost soul of many a member of her audience declared to be the truth.

[From the *Gazette*, Davenport, Iowa, Feb. 1.]

Victoria Woodhull lectured in Hill's Opera House last evening, according to announcement. She appreciates the value of printer's ink, and understands the art of advertising perfectly, and the Opera House was well filled.

Victoria came from behind the scenes—medium size, attired plainly but becomingly in black, with a rose at the throat fastening of her dress; a pale face, cast in the Grecian mould.

The first portion of her address was devoted to what she esteemed the evils of our government, its rottenness through corruption, its oppression of the laboring masses, and to vehement prophecy of revolution. Mrs. Woodhull came to the topic at last, through a promise to deliver a lecture specially on the subject this evening. But she announced her opinions on the subject of matrimony—for one thing, that the sublimest office a woman can perform is to bear the image of God in reality. She talked very plainly, told many truths, and advocated ideas which, if adopted, would spare woman a great deal of misery. For instance, she said that the condition of the married women of to-day is worse than that of the harlot; but then she demanded that male prostitutes shall be held as amenable to law as female prostitutes. She demanded that every house of prostitution be abolished; she wanted women so pure that when they find a fallen woman they will lift her to virtue. She said the idea of becoming a mother is something woman has never looked upon with enough sanctity; and just as soon as the mothers of the country commence to think, prostitution will cease. All that she ever asked was that the basis of marriage should be love—educate your daughters to marry for love and not for money or homes. She closed with appeals to her hearers to make their boys and girls pure to start with, so that their lives may be pure.

Mrs. Woodhull's voice is well adapted to public speaking—clear and rich in tone, much like Anna Dickinson's, only softer. The portion of her lecture concerning woman and motherhood was delivered with an earnestness that gave it eloquence, and held the audience in closest attention.

[From the *Herald*, Dubuque, Iowa, Feb. 3.]

There is nobody but knows that Victoria C. Woodhull lectured in Dubuque last evening. She is a woman who has been hooted and railed at *ad infinitum*, but has created more stir, more sensation in our city than any man who ever trod the dust of its streets, or any other celebrity who ever trod the boards of the Athenaeum. She is a woman of brains, of eloquence, of elegance. She is a woman like herself and nobody else. She is emphatically Victoria C. Woodhull to the core—bold and defiant in her theories on the questions of the day, unrelenting in declaring them, and speaks the nakedest and most unadorned truth we have ever listened to from a public speaker; but in no sense can Mrs. Woodhull be termed an immodest woman except it be

in her bluntness in discussing social topics. She is rather a handsome woman than otherwise. Her face, while possessing all the softness and delicacy of expression which naturally belongs to a woman, is also possessed of a breadth and force of contour indicative of masculine vigor of mind. We shall not presume to give anything like a text of her lecture. The rapidity of her enunciation precludes the chance of the reporter taking them with exactness; and even if he did obtain a full text, it has none of that brilliant fire of inspiration which enchains the listener at the time of its delivery. She has a perfect grace of oratory; every gesture and attitude is refined and eloquently expressive, and she sends forth her silvery-voiced sentences as though there was the power of a hurricane behind them.

[From the Times, Dubuque, Iowa, Feb. 3.]

MRS. WOODHULL.

(THE EDITORIAL.)

The promised lecture was delivered last evening in the Athenaeum to a crowded house. The lecturer was given a most respectful hearing and kept her audience in rapt attention by her brilliant oratory and fine, impassioned delivery. If she were aiming for stage effect, only, she would be most successful and could carry her audience with her as she willed, entrancing them with her fervid, earnest eloquence, which we have rarely seen equaled and never surpassed in any speaker, and leading them her willing subjects.

(THE REPORT.)

A large audience assembled at the Athenaeum last night, to listen to Victoria Woodhull. The first part of the lecture was devoted to the political condition of the country, showing how the extremes of wealth and poverty were being more widely separated each year, and her remedies for these evils. She claimed she came, for once, upon the platform of Christ, who told a young man who wanted to know what he must do to inherit eternal life, "Go sell all thou hast, and give the money to the poor, and thou shalt lay up treasure in heaven." Supposing a modern preacher should say that! Why, the trustees would call a meeting, and vote him crazy, and send him adrift. "What!" they would exclaim, "deposit our money where there is no chance of our ever seeing it again? You can't fool us in any such way as that!" Then she proceeded to portray how, although men kept saying to each other that the panic was over, and business on a better financial basis, yet we were on the eve of financial destruction. Here she drifted into the "woman question," and while not claiming that all the evils that government is heir to arise from woman's not occupying her true position in the government, claimed that by far the greater part of them do. The evils in government have their foundation in the sins of men who run the government; and for those sins women are mainly responsible. The question was often asked of women, "Are you going to hear Mrs. Woodhull to-night?" (The affectation of prim, half horror-stricken prudery with which this was brought out brought down the house.) "If this is not a fit place for women to come it is not a fit place for men to come." Every wife should say to her husband, "Wherever you go I will go." Wherever you find the noblest women you find the purest men, and prostitution dying out. "A pretty compliment you pay your wife when you tell her she is so weak in moral power that she cannot stand what you can without damaging her moral nature!" The great demand of the age is for better men and women. But here comes a woman, ready to tell you from out the fullness of her mother's heart, how to bring into this world better men and women, and you start back with horror! "I do not urge that woman be brought down to the level of impure men—I do urge that men be brought up to the level of pure women. I demand the same anathemas for the male prostitute as for the female prostitute. I want death and destruction to every house of prostitution in the country! There are considerably more than one million prostitutes in the country. Those prostitutes come from somewhere. Every fifteen years one million virgin girls grow up into prostitutes. These are your daughters, mothers of America. A great deal has been said about the prevention and cure of prostitution; but little or nothing has been done toward accomplishing it. I will tell you how to accomplish it: send your daughters out into the world as peers of your sons; teach them that it is honorable for women to earn their own living—and then give them a chance to do so. Proceeding to describe what marriage should be, she claimed that 'to bear a child is the most sacred and honorable mission on earth. The pregnant woman is a co-worker with God in giving to the world an immortal being. Whoever makes so noble a deed a theme of vulgarity only proclaims the foulness of his own base nature.' Mothers themselves are ashamed of themselves when they ought to be the proudest. They try to murder their own children before birth, and then wonder why those children, when grown to be men, turn out murderers. Preachers turn all their attention to saving souls, when they would be in much better business saving bodies. I sent a note to the keeper of the most notorious house in the city, inviting her to come upon the platform with me. They are all my sisters. I will tell you how to shut up all those houses. Insist upon making your husband's associates your own; tell him this ostracising business is played out; the place for her whose bed my husband shares is by my table. The scientific, artistic, pure-hearted man and woman can walk together among the pictures and statues of European galleries, and look at the representations of nature without blushing; but the prude will bring her fan before her face and exclaim, 'O, why don't they cover it up!' Those who at heart are most impure are always seeing things they think ought to be covered up!"

[From the Telegraph, Dubuque, Iowa, Feb. 3.]

A large and fashionable audience, composed of the aristocratic "ten" and the demagogic "hundred" crowded the Athenaeum last night to hear the celebrated lecturer, Vic-

torial Woodhull. She was simply dressed, in a neat, black suit, and from the moment she made her appearance on the stage until she retired was listened to with attention and closely scanned by a discriminating audience. Mrs. Woodhull seems to be equally at home on every subject she touches upon, and as a successful lecturer she is undoubtedly queen of the rostrum. She is at times vehement, impassioned, and her fervid and burning words scathe and scorch like intermittent flashes of lightning. We have been agreeably surprised at hearing her speak, and have come away filled with the idea that she tells a great many home truths, not very palatable to those rings whom she so strongly denounces.

TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

PICTURES FROM THE DUBUQUE (IOWA) PAPERS.

OUR VISITOR.—On yesterday morning Tennie C. Claflin, sister and *avant courier* of Mrs. Woodhull, dropped into our office, like a sunbeam, to make an advertising contract for Mrs. Woodhull's lecture. She is a brisk, business-like lady, knew what she wanted, made her contract, and then asked to see some of the late papers. While our Mr. David was entertaining the distinguished visitor in his most engaging manner, and bestowing upon her the polite attentions he so thoroughly learned in his French training, this "pencil pusher" painted of Tennie the following pen picture:

She is of medium stature, and inclined to *embonpoint*, and was dressed in an English walking costume—feminine apparel, with a decidedly masculine cut. A clear, full, hazel eye lights up a rather finely cut face, and gives it an expression half intellectual, half roguish. While engaged in conversation her manner is light and cheery, and her eyes sparkle with electric flashes that tell of the indomitable pluck, the nervous force and mental power that are behind that seemingly boyish face. She is brisk, impulsive in her movements, and speaks quickly, with a clear, rippling, musical voice. Her wide travel and varied experience have given her a business-like air, with some of the delicious *abandon* with which My Lady of the parlor casts herself into an easy-chair for an afternoon siesta.

Speaking of her business tact, reminds us: the evening luminary down the street congratulates itself in having got a large contract from the fair Tennie, and says that in this Tennie showed her good business sense. Indeed she did, and the editor of the *Telegraph* at the same time exhibited his weakness. Tennie, so fresh, so plump, so charming, so entertaining in his lonely office, was too much for the sedate old man who runs that establishment, and he knocked the price of advertising down to her to a ruinously low figure, and got a large contract.—*Times*.

TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.—Notwithstanding the contrary reports about the letting of the Athenaeum hall on next Monday evening, which made it uncertain whether Victoria C. Woodhull would lecture in the city, she is coming, and will lecture according to announcement. Her advance agent, Miss Tennie C. Claflin, was in the city on Friday, and was a one-day's wonder to many eager masculine eyes. She engaged rooms at the Julien, and paid a visit to the *Herald* during the forenoon, and we had a very pleasant interview with this redoubtable little lady. Tennie has business in her, and makes a tight bargain, and has an invaluable faculty of walking right into the affections of the sterner sex. She is a well-made woman physically—plump, symmetrical, of average height. She has a compact, rather square-built head, with short, brown hair, broad, free, regular features, and luminous blue eyes. Her tongue is endless. She dresses plainly but jauntily, and has what some novelists would call a distinguished appearance on the street. Her room at the Julien was frequented by visitors throughout the day.—*Daily Herald*.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

TO JENNIE LEYS.

Sister—We, the friends of Spiritualism and of universal progress, desire to make this expression as a token of our love for and confidence in you as a private friend and public advocate of truths which affect the highest interests of our common humanity.

The services of one so divinely inspired and devotedly true we feel are eminently needed; and we deeply appreciate the privilege of being recipients of your faithful ministrations.

Woman now struggles for freedom, and through your grand efforts she may justly expect a speedier success. At this critical moment the laboring classes are striving to obtain the just reward of their honest toil. Oppression shows its hydra-head in many directions. Earnest persons have thoughts they are not permitted to utter; and the press that speaks the boldest and freest words for emancipation is proscribed by many who need, though they may now be unprepared to wisely use, the blessings of liberty.

While a body of Spiritualists in a neighboring city deny you the opportunity to speak upon their platform, we rejoice that here, in the city of brotherly love, your boldest thoughts and freest utterances have been gladly listened to and generally approved.

We shall go with you in spirit wherever you may sojourn, with the assurance that you will be sustained in the great work to which you have been divinely called.

Raise thy voice beloved sister, whether men or women will hear, or whether they will forbear. "Not by might, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

And when thy frail, mortal form can no longer hold thy great, loving, free spirit, affectionate and wise ones in the upper worlds will welcome thee and sing, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the temple of justice and dwell in the spirit of peace."

Editors of the *Weekly*—I send you the foregoing address to our beloved, faithful and highly-inspired sister, Jennie Leya,

presented at the termination of a course of able discourses given in our city during the months of December and January. It is largely signed by many of the leading Spiritualists. I do not send their names, thinking you might not have space for their publication in your bold and fearless journal.

Yours truly,

1114 CALLOWHILL ST., PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN M. SPEAR.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Jan. 14, 1874.

Ladies—As you have often, in your *WEEKLY*, to discuss religion, I send you one of the most respected and influential papers of London, with a letter headed "Modern Christianity, a Civilized Heathenism." I have not the pamphlet, but the arguments are old. It shows that this nation is emerging from that direful and wretched state of mental slavery in which it was enchained within the memory of many now living.

The pleasant aspect of our religion is that we neither understand its dogmas nor believe them, nor follow its teachings, and we sleep perfectly sound after hearing its denunciations. Instead of taking "no thought for the morrow," we think very carefully about it, and those that don't soon find themselves without dinner or bed. We pay ten millions sterling to the Established Church and probably ten more to the dissenting sects—say 100 million dollars—for which we are christened, married and buried, and have a considerable lot of morality preached to us every Sunday, which, however, as far as practice goes, goes in at one ear and out at the other.

Still, we do get a certain value. A woman, when she has dressed herself neatly and been to church feels that she will go to heaven, and that is a great deal. As to her questioning the soundness of the dogmas or prayers of the Church established by law, it would be questioning the value of her marriage certificate. If the Christian religion is a "civilized heathenism," the words "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder" are all gammon and a false pretense to take money.

Yours,

SAM GUPPY.

As I mentioned religion, and as I do not wish to be misunderstood, or what is more important, to be misquoted, I add a few remarks:

All along in the world religions have existed, the base of which was the unexplained phenomena of all sorts (even the rainbow). Upon this substratum the edifice called religion was built by force or fraud (as was at hand, *vide* the last majority proclaiming the infallibility of the Pope).

With the spread of republicanism and representative government the fraud of religious dogmas has remained unsupported by the force of absolutism, and consequently exposed to the attacks of free thought.

The dogmas, therefore, of the Christian, Mohammedan and Asiatic religions, when examined with perfect freedom, are found to be incompatible with reason. The morality of all of them is admitted, so that if you eliminated the dogmas all mankind would be of one religion. To steal and murder are crimes under all religions.

The dogmas of all these religions are denied by free scientific men, and entirely ignored by the remainder of educated persons. The first of the 39 Articles of the English Church begins, "There is but one living and true God everlasting, without body, parts or passions." No man, scientific or otherwise, can explain that.

The scientific mind, then, freed from church persecution, concluded, and in many cases concludes, that the death of the body causes absolute cessation of individuality.

This is the doctrine enunciated in the able work "The Confessions of Strauss," which argue that the creative power is something like a mother-water from which various bodies crystallize, mature, and then by disintegration lose their identity and are reincorporated into the parent mass.

The other new theory or discovery—Spiritualism—brings to the public every day proof, facts, explaining the phenomena on which former religions were built; and proving that beings do exist impalpable to our senses, and that the spirit of man (and perhaps not of man only) has an existence after the dissolution of the body.

The rationale of this religion does not distinctly attack the question of the nature of God as personal or bounded or impersonal and unbounded, but it does away entirely with the idea of Christ being any exceptional or superhuman being, and explodes all the doctrines of a devil, hell and heaven, as set forth by pre-existent religious dogmas.

The facts of Spiritualism being within reach of proof to every individual—being certified to by men of the highest science—and taking strong hold on public opinion by the absolute proof of the existence of beings impalpable to our ordinary senses, and which in very many instances prove themselves to be identical with persons deceased, are spreading through England with a rapidity almost equal to the spread of photography, and but for religious prejudices and the pecuniary interests of the established churches, would ere now have obtained universal acquiescence. Opposing that spread are the interests of the Church of England, incorporated with the state, and forming by its seats in the House of Lords a part of the legislature.

On Mr. Miall's motion in the House of Commons to disestablish and disendow the Church, Mr. Gladstone gave three reasons for opposing the motion. One was, that it would not do for a country cry at a general election—a Minister going to the country on a vote of disestablishment, would be unequipped. The second reason was, the Church property is ninety millions sterling—\$450,000,000—an amount too vast to be dealt with until public opinion is much more unanimous and pronounced than it is at present.

Nevertheless the ax is at the root of the tree, and disestablishment of the Church is allowed even by Churchmen to be only a question of time. Yours truly,

SAM'L GUPPY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SCIENTIFIC SERMON BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, DELIVERED AT DE GARMO HALL, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FOURTEENTH STREET.

Reported by Ghirardini.

FEBRUARY 8, 1874.

Calling attention to the first of the three charts covering the wall back of the rostrum, Mr. ANDREWS said it was a condensed representation of Universology. It might in one sense be called a Map of the World. He bade his audience always to remember that the vowels on the one side represented the Infinite in their continuity, the consonants on the other side represent the Finite in their limitation; while intermediate, between the two, we have a space, filled by the Ambigu's, which is like the shore line of the Finite, on which the waves of the Infinite break, and where the mingling of the Infinite with the Finite surge up into Spiritual life and beauty. I-io (ee-ee-o) and e-io (a-ee-o) the combination of -io respectively with i (thing), and e (relation) stand for The Absolute and The Relative—the relations of the absolute. To illustrate the difference between the absolute and the relative, allow me to ask: is there any such thing as *up* and *down*? We shall find on close reflection, that in the general, broadest sense, that is to say, in the absolute, that every direction is up, and every direction is down, if we take into account the various positions at the same time, of the various dwellers upon the earth's surface. Is there, then, any up or down? In the absolute, no; in the relative, yes. The question can only be answered by first fixing upon the "point of view." There are two types of mind, the one sees everything in the Absolute; the other in the relative; and hitherto there has been no science broad enough to embrace both and give to each its intrinsic value; consequently these and other conflicting orders of mind have been left to fight it out between them as best they might. Humanity divides into types down to the individuals who, each in himself, represents a universe distinct in his differences from that of every other, yet in himself he is the analogue of all.

Among the vowels it is, however, a (ah) which stands pre-eminent, the vowel *par excellence*; the especially feminine sound. It was largely used by the Latins to express the feminine termination of words. It is the matrix of sound and expressive of reality, or substance. A-io (ah-ee-o) is, then, the domain of reality, of substance, of the real. O-io (o-ee-o) is contrasted with a-io, and is the domain of the ideal. The sound o is made by projecting the lips. It is the frontmost of sounds and means simply frontage. It is associated with the mouth; it suggests the face; the front face, form, pro-form, the appearance; pro-mor-phology, and the like, and hence, idea, and the ideal. It is like the title-page of a book. It is the herald among sounds. It is like the big bull-buffalo who stands at the head of the herd. It is the masculoid element cropping out among the vowels. The vowels are of themselves feminoid, but by a principle of "The Inexpugnability (the un-fight-out-able-ness) of Primo Elements" we find ever present, both the masculine and feminine; only the one or the other in a subordinate or minor degree.

From the Greek word *eidōs*, meaning *form*, and by the Greeks used both in the material and ideal sense, we derive our word *idea*, which we have, by usage, restricted to the one signification. This Greek word, too, suggests frontage, or appearance, the presentation, that which is thrown off to view or presented, or the representative, again like the title-page of a book, of which it is the business to give you an *idea* of its contents. The Latins gave the name *persona* (that which was sounded or spoken through) to the mask worn by their stage-players in the presentation of characters. This came, then, to mean the person or role represented. From this we derive our English word *person*, the mask being representative of persons or characters, and as it were, an abstract of the front or face. Finally, therefore, o goes over to signify *personality*, the ideal man.

Recontrasted with this is the a-io (ah-ee-o) which is the domain of the *undoubted*, the *real* man or other thing. When to length (associated with i), and breadth (associated with e), we add *thickness*, then we have, as associated ideas, *mass*, *solidity*, *richness*, *goodness*, *heaps*, *accumulation*, *piles*, *wealth*, *goods* and *goodness*, and so, in fine, *reality*. These ideas all group themselves around the sound of a (ah), classifying themselves by an inherent law of their nature—a nature too which has provided in the sound itself the exact means (in the natural alphabet of sounds) for the exhaustive representation of the entire group of these related ideas. The a-io (ah-ee-o) of a house, for example, covers or includes all the materials of which it is built; the o-io (o-ee-o) includes the ideal, its front, its "face of day," its presentation to the eye and to your mind, and to the mind of the architect ere yet a stone had been quarried or a nail cut. The a-io is, therefore, The Real, and the o-io The Ideal.

Let us, now, go back and say another word of the yau-io (yow-ee-o), the wau-io (wow-ee-o), and the hau-io (how-ee-o), occupying, as we have seen, the border land between the Finite and Infinite. The diphthong au, as epitome of all the vowels, sweeps through and over all domains. O being the heraldic vowel, the title-page to the book of vowels, it may be, and with propriety is, used as their representative, so that in Alwato we say, meaning somewhat the same but with a difference still, yau-io, or yo-io; wau-io, or wo-io; hau-io, or ho-io. In learning Alwato the chief difficulty grows out of the new association of ideas, pointed out as characterizing the letter-sounds, and which had not been before recognized. Get these groups once distinctly arranged in your minds, and you will have no other words than those of Alwato to express your new conceptions. No other language exists that can express adequately such broad generalizations and aggregations of thought. Yau-io, I have previously said, is the God domain; but in my use of the word God I do not dwell on the theological question of his personality or im-

personality; but use the word in a way which will fix it to a certain scientific sense, which it has never had the good fortune, heretofore, to possess. This centering vowel, y, implies the *radiating centrality*; governing pivot, whether of the universe, or of anything else; hence, also, *soul*, the *self-consciousness*, *self-hood*, *god-hood*, *pope*, *king*, *chief*, *general*, *generalissimo*, *a representative man or woman*, *a fudge man*, *a leader*, *a star on the stage or in society*, etc.; in a word, *radiating centre*. All this, and more, all that implies centralization and radiation, groups itself, therefore, in the domain of yau-io, or yo-io. The soul is a star, a central point, a radiating centre. Many mediums see souls as stars; it is not infrequent for them to say that they see a star, they cannot tell whether it is a person or not. All artists are seers, and are right in their instinct when they surround the head of God or saint with a nimbus of light, a radiating aureole or halo of stella rays. There are, in this house, as I am aware, mediums with sensibilities so delicate that they see, under favoring circumstances, an aureole of magnetic light, more or less voluminous and varied, enveloping the heads of each one of us; see it, too, as swayed by attractions and repulsions, as we pass from one to another and group ourselves in different ways. This sensibility, this divine power of the impressional and intuitive type of mentality we should recognize as holding co-ordinate power with the intellect; and in the harmonious recognition and acknowledgment of each by the other do we open the way to the most rapid advance and early orchestration of humanity. In this domain of yau-io we find ourselves able, by the use of inherently significant prefixes and affixes appropriate to Alwato, to delineate all spirit manifestations and aspirations, and to describe the million of stars in their infinitude of variety. Now pass to the Wau-io; W (double u), (vv) (oio), representing *doubleness* throughout, *doubleness of presentation*; *exchange*; *interchange*; *walking*; *conversation* (as people turn one to the other in talking and walking along). Hence wau-io is the domain of intercommunications, and so of language. Wato is the word which means language, and Alwato is the name for the universal language.

H, the aspirate, is the type or representative, first, of *breath*, then of *spirit*. The Latin word *spiro* means *to breathe*, and gives us the word *spirit*. Spirit is, in its nature, diffusive. Hau-io represents a spirit domain, the opposite of yau-io. In yau-io the star is single, kingly, representative, whether by the authority of force, the magnetism of talent, as in the stage actor, or by the persuasion of the popular orator; and the like; but the domain of hau-io presents, on the contrary, a nebulous appearance, with the indistinctness which results from numbers and distance, like the star-dust and nebulae of the astronomers, Will-o'-the-Wisps, spiritual conglomerations—in fine, of all sorts. The position I occupy before you as speaker belongs to the yau-io; you, the audience, are in the domain of the hau-io. These domains include and furnish ample space for all forms and phases of spiritism. Wau-ski is the science of communication at large. Distributed to the three elaborate vowels, a, o, u (ah, o, oo), we have wa-ski (wah-skee), *grammar*, wo-ski (woo-skee), *logic*, and wu-ski (woo-skee), *rhetoric*, the science of persuasion, the inclination of Alwato.

"Fools," scientists tell us, are the result of arrested development. "Dam fools," the product of a voluntary, persistent and willful arrest of development on the part of the individual himself. One morning the past week your reporter, on her way "down town," entered one of the avenue cars to find it packed: *twenty-two human semblances* seated—*eighteen* males and four females, while eight more of the weaker (?) sex were standing, or rather jammed, in the centre of the car. Not a man on the car had reached his forty-fifth year, and without an exception, they were healthy, and many of them even strong and robust-looking, all comfortably and warmly clothed; while, on the contrary, the girls, for they were all city shop girls, were some of them thinly clad, and all bore traces of a worn and jaded life. The car rolled on and on, and not one of those toil-worn girls, who quite possibly were doomed by their employers to stand all day *erect* behind the counter (such things are), was offered a seat by the eighteen fools comfortably riding at their side. They would perhaps sneer out "Woman's rights" and "she claims the equal right to stand beside the men, let her do it." They forget their own God-given right to protect woman; forget the inherent right of strength to support weakness; forget the glorious right and privilege of every human being to grow grandly God-like in ministering to the needs of all. Poor fellows, I pitied them and longed for a beam of Universologic light to penetrate their darkness, reveal to them the pit into which they had fallen, and point them the way to a nobler, truer manhood. My heart took courage from the memory of an incident occurring on a previous day's ride, when an elderly working man called his friend's attention to the tea store on Vesey street, and asked him if he had ever visited it, with the remark that he knew no place in New York where one could learn a broader, deeper lesson of life than there. Looking over the pictures representing Chinese life one must be impressed, the old gentleman observed, with the unity of race; the same passions and interests, swaying our antipodes that move us; and, he added, that only by the fullest recognition of this truth could we hope ever to become better than we are or to make any true advance. My heart warmed to the old gentleman, and when a few moments afterward crossing the crowded thoroughfare his hand was extended in protecting care of me, and his kindly voice expressed pleasure in the look of appreciation I had given his wayside utterances in the car, I blessed him and rejoiced in the added consciousness that not all the constituency of the NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH assemble at De Garma Hall; but unknowing and unknown in hidden paths, as well as on the broad pathway of life, they are quietly but surely working its upbuilding.

THE PAINE CELEBRATION,

HELD IN "SPIRITUAL HALL," PORT HURON.

The Spiritualists and Free Thinkers of Port Huron, Mich., assembled in "Spiritual Hall," in that city, on the evening

of Jan. 29, to celebrate the 137th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine.

Mr. Starr, the distinguished spirit artist, who has long resided in Port Huron, had just completed a portrait of Thomas Paine, life size, which, in an artistic point of view, may be considered one of the finest productions of this artist's genius, and its presence upon this occasion constituted one of the most delightful incidents of the evening. The distinguishing features of Mr. Starr's paintings, both landscapes and portraits, are their fidelity to nature and their perfection of coloring. In these particulars he surpasses any of the artists we have known, who profess to be the subjects of inspiration—and what true artist is not? The portrait in question actually seems about to speak, so instinct does it appear with life and soul. It occupied a prominent place immediately in front of the platform, and was the "observed of all observers." The address was delivered by our old friend, Laura Cuppy Smith, who came from Detroit for the occasion, and took for her text this sentiment from Emerson: "To be great is to be misunderstood." The speaker commanded the closest attention of a large audience.

Upon motion of Mr. S. D. Clark, Mr. L. N. Nobles was appointed President and C. B. Hubbard Secretary, and the latter was directed to furnish an account of the proceedings to WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY and *Our Age* for publication.

C. B. HUBBARD, Sec.

A CARD.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1874.

The world has always had more writing, talking and theorizing than it knows what to do with, and is none the better for it, as its present condition too plainly testifies. The demand now is for something practical—some better way of living; and we find many looking toward association or communities for the realization of the desired object. With this view we propose to form a nucleus somewhere in Central New York, around which may gather those who, instead of remaining willing slaves to that most merciless of task-masters and tyrants, money, are ready to make it serve them, and throw in their resources for the formation of a communal home—such an one as that described by Mrs. Comstock in the WEEKLY of Sept. 27, where there is no selfish *mine* or *thine*, but *our* home, and where the only governing elements are love and attraction, with perfect freedom and individual sovereignty. All who are prepared to enter upon this new and only true life, or any others who are willing to contribute of their means for the establishment of righteousness on the earth, will please address James S. Laidlaw, of Geneva; or Elizabeth Wheeler, of Auburn, New York.

INTOLERANCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 24, 1873.

As the era for burning heretics and infidels has passed into the dark and gloomy pages of history, let us not be sure it will not be revived again, for within twenty-five miles of the capital of the nation we have in full blast a class of superstitious bigots who burn every book, paper or pamphlet of liberal tendencies as soon as received into their possession from the post office at Herndon, Fairfax County, Virginia. In this place, so religious and pure, not long since a Methodist priest attempted the ruin of a young lady of tender age in her father's house, in broad daylight, while the rest of the family were preparing a sumptuous repast for this meek and holy man. I know the facts in this case; and as the young lady is now removed from harm, I make it public for the consideration and enlightenment of the book-burners of Herndon.

ETHYL ESPARTO.

THOSE COWS.

"Taxation without representation," is what George the Third tried to establish in this country, and did not succeed. Taxation without representation is what the civic authorities of Glastonbury, Conn., have endeavored to establish, and have for the present succeeded. The following editorial on the subject is taken from *Harper's Weekly*:

SAM ADAMS AND MISS ABBY H. SMITH.

"Mr. Robert C. Winthrop and Mr. Josiah Quincy, two of the most eminent citizens of Boston, eloquently extolled, at the Centennial meeting in Faneuil Hall the men of a hundred years ago who threw the tea overboard and led the American Revolution to the cry, 'Taxation without representation is tyranny.' They justly praised Sam Adams, and we all cry, Amen. We invite the attention of the distinguished gentlemen to Sam Adams *redivivus*—Sam Adams in the person of Miss Abby Smith, of Glastonbury, Connecticut. Miss Smith and her sister own a farm in that town. They are honest, industrious, useful citizens, but they have been oppressed exactly as Sam Adams was. King George and his ministers and his redcoats have also appeared in Glastonbury, in the form of the town meeting and the town constable. Miss Smith, like Sam Adams, has protested. She has appeared before the town meeting, and stated that the owners of part of the property in the town tax the owners of the other part without consulting them, and enforce their will. It is not denied, she said, that she and her sister manage their property as well as their neighbors so far as the laws will permit. Is it more just or right, she asks, to take a woman's property without her consent than a man's without his consent? Taxation without representation is tyranny, exclaims Miss Smith. Sam Adams says, Amen! What do the eloquent Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Quincy say?"

"King George is as contemptuous at Glastonbury as he used to be at Windsor and at St. James'. On the first of January he sent General Gage, in the form of the collector, to sell Miss Smith's property to pay the taxes which had been laid upon it without any voice having been allowed to her. She asked that he would begin by selling that part of the farm that was furthest from the house. General Gage replied that he must first take personal property, according to

law. He therefore took seven of the eight Alderney cows belonging to Miss Smith and her sister. They (*that is, Miss Smith and her sister*) pleaded hard for a respite until they could petition to be allowed to own their land as the men owned theirs. Nor was a delay unprecedented, for the town had waited for its taxes from a factory company for several years. There was no risk in waiting, but the collector would not listen. 'There are \$2,000 due the town for taxes,' said Miss Smith, 'from voters who are released by paying twelve per cent. interest. Give us the same indulgence.' But the collector answered by taking seven Alderney cows, and on the eighth day afterward the best four of them were sold below their value to pay the tax and expenses. Miss Smith ends her letter, in which these facts are stated, by saying, 'As the town now manages our property, we must soon be forced to the poorhouse, and none are better acquainted with its inmates.'

"This story has excited much attention in New England. The Boston *Advertiser* reminds the authorities of Glastonbury that this conduct will be carefully watched. The Providence *Journal* advises every paper that comments upon the subject to send a marked copy to the officers of the town. And the Springfield *Republican* says that such a protest is worth a great many conventions and documents. The common reply will be, let the foolish women pay their taxes, and then they can milk their cows in peace. Dr. Sam Johnson said the same thing to Sam Adams, in a little pamphlet called *Taxation no Tyranny*. But Sam Adams was not converted, and the colonies were not converted, and Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Quincy and all the rest of us applauded them for resisting the collector, and undertaking a long and doubtful and wasting war rather than submit to pay taxes upon their property which they had no voice in levying. But if Sam Adams and George Washington would not submit to this kind of taxation a hundred years ago, why should Miss Smith and her sister submit now? If it was tyranny then, is it less tyranny now? If the Misses Smith are competent to own property in fee, and to manage it at their pleasure, can they be legally considered incompetent to express an opinion upon the taxes which may be laid upon it? Does taxation without representation cease to be tyranny and become justice, when the taxed property-owner is a woman? This is the question to which a good-natured laugh at Miss Anthony does not seem to be an entirely satisfactory answer.'

COMMENTS.

This article is excellent as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough for the WEEKLY. We want to learn something more about those seven cows that were stolen—no, purloined—no, sequestered—from Miss Abby H. Smith. Are they in good condition? Do they feed well and sleep well? We know they low loudly, for their tones have been heard (and have re-echoed) throughout the country.

Other important questions rise: Do those cows continue to give a good supply of milk, and did the constable milk them carefully and duly while, in his possession? What do the civic authorities intend to do with the milk they extracted from them previous to their sale? Will they convert it into butter or cheese; and when so converted, what do they propose to ask for it by the pound? All these, and a thousand more particulars of a similar character our readers and the public generally are anxious to inquire into. No circumstance, from the seizure—no, abstraction—of the animals to the present time, is too unimportant to be noted. In all probability, in after years, the Boston Tea Party will be eclipsed by the annual milk feast of Glastonbury.

"HAN S OFF THE NAZARENE."

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

To me it appears that the WEEKLY has taken upon itself an impossible task. "The WEEKLY proposes to defend the doctrines of the great Nazarene as they are written." True, it adds, "and as it understands them." But it will have no more right to violate the canon of criticism than has the Romanist or Protestant. It will not be justified in construing his doctrines by what he *did not say* instead of what he did say. So far as Beecher is quoted, he is right, in his main positions, and the WEEKLY wrong; so I think. Beecher says, "a literal construction of the Nazarene's teaching would destroy society." The WEEKLY does not believe a literal "construction" would do any such thing. This, too, right in the face of "I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." In the language of Beecher, I can say, ironically, "Well, that is a precious dispensation!" I never met a clergyman in all my debating experience who was reckless enough to defend the doctrines of Jesus as they are written, with a literal construction. They cannot be sustained by argument with either a literal or a figurative construction. A figurative construction makes nonsense of them. This is the clergy's choice. A literal construction makes some of them absurd; others impractical; and others immoral.

Will the WEEKLY be kind enough to inform us where the proof is to be found "that the command to lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth" applied to the "poor of Judea," and to them only? Give us chapter and verse. Where is the proof that it was not also a command to the rich? Did Jesus not advise the young Jew to "sell all thou hast, and distribute unto the poor?"

Now, for the sword business. The WEEKLY says: "If Christ came not to bring peace but a sword, there was peace under the sword." The WEEKLY's criticism of this passage is far-fetched. It is not allowable. Observe the antithesis of the sentence. The ideas and words are set in opposition to each other. The sword against peace. "Not peace, but a sword." Could anything be plainer and more unmistakable? Criticism would compel Jesus to give us peace by the sword, as General Grant did. That is the very thing Jesus proposed not to do. The angels sang one tune, he another.

"The only military command he ever gave was to Peter, 'to put up his sword.'"

This is another mistake. He commanded his followers to sell their garments and buy swords.

The curse on those who use the sword, that they shall perish with it, is not true.

The WEEKLY further says, that "every true reformer knows that spiritually he is a sword." But remember this journal is pronounced in favor of literal construction. It is questionable whether every true reformer is bound to consider himself spiritually a sword. I may not be a true reformer, for if I thought I needed a symbol, I would prefer to be spiritually an *ax*, or a *plow*, or a pair of pruning shears; any of these things are more useful than swords.

The gospel of the Nazarene has been a dispensation of blood. As H. W. Beecher says, "There it stands; anybody that wants to misunderstand can."

INSTRUCT THE CHILDREN.

PAINESVILLE, OHIO, Dec. 23, 1873.

In reference to an article in the WEEKLY, June 21, from T. H. Marsh, "suggesting the propriety of your publishing a suitable text book to instruct and fortify the children against errors and abuses consequent upon ignorance," I inclose you an extract from the *Independent*, May 21, 1868.

"Sixteen years ago, Madame Sarti gave physiological lectures in New York to ladies. One day there came to her room a mother with twin boys, ten years old. She asked Madame Sarti to show to the children the wax model of the female body, with which she lectured, and to give to them her usual full description and explanation of every organ and its use.

"The womb was represented in the seventh month of pregnancy with twins. When Madame Sarti reached this, she was about to pass it by without mention. 'Stop,' said the mother, 'that is precisely what I most wish my little ones to see.' Then as the children looked with earnest wonder on the two tiny bodies, locked tightly in each other's embrace, she said, 'My darlings, you know I have often told you how for nine long months you lay close together in that wonderful little room which God has made in the mother's body. Now you can see just how it was. See how much mamma must love you, and how dreadful it would be if you did not love each other.'

"When Madame Sarti told us this story, the tears stood in her eyes, and she said, in her broken English, 'Oh, I did like to bless that woman! What men will she make those boys to be!'"

I think the extract very appropriate for the book when published, and hope it will appear soon, as the great need of a work of that kind calls for its early appearance. In the meantime, I think it worthy a place in the WEEKLY if you feel disposed to publish it.

M. S. SEVERANCE.

A JEALOUS CAMEL.

On the 3d inst., while Wm. H. Conklin, superintendent of the animal department of Central Park, was feeding the camels, the largest male of them suddenly lifted him up by seizing him with his teeth, and then violently threw him to the ground. Not satisfied with this, the animal stepped on him till he had broken his right leg, and would have undoubtedly continued his attacks but for an interference of the keepers, who hit him on the snout. It was a case of jealousy, Conklin having recently nursed the female companion of his assailant during a brief spell of sickness, to the gratification of the patient and the ire of its mate.

We think this a pretty hard case. Mr. Conklin nursed this wretched camel's wife through her sickness, and instead of thanks, received "human" treatment for it. If the jealous husband had been a man, we should not have thought much of it, but we expected better things of a camel.—*San Francisco Figaro*.

As I am thinking of lecturing in Chicago as a healer and medical clairvoyant, I should be glad to arrange with one or more societies within a hundred miles of there to give lectures upon Sundays. I can arrange to lecture every Sunday or one Sunday per month, as will be best suited to the conditions of the societies. Will speak on any subject desired, but will not be limited as to what I shall say. Address me, care of Hull Bros., 25 Milford street, Boston.

D. W. HULL.

LETTER TO PARKER PILLSBURY.

Dear Brother—I do not believe you capable of intentional injustice, but some things in your letter to the WEEKLY, dated January 3, 1874, are calculated to cause grave misapprehension.

You say you were "importuned" to accept the Presidency of the American Woman's Emancipation Society, and you do the same as to say that I was the person by whom you were "importuned." I think that word calculated to convey a wrong impression. Any one would infer from reading your letter that I did all in my power to get you to agree to be our President, and because I personally desired it, and when you utterly refused, that I went before the Convention and secured your election by concealing the fact of such refusal.

The facts are these: I told you that I intended to vote for Orson S. Murray, but I was confident a large majority of all concerned would prefer you to any other person, and as I wanted "not my will" but theirs to be done, I urged you not to decline the position in case it should be offered you. I told you I believed no other person could so thoroughly unite the friends of freedom as yourself. This is the substance of what I said, and if you have preserved my letter, you are welcome to publish it.

In your reply you refused as positively as you claim, but you gave no such reasons as those to which you refer in your letter to the WEEKLY. I did not realize that you objected

to co-operating in a society conducted as you think a society should be conducted. You spoke of the "wranglings" which had disgusted you, but I did not mean that there should be any wranglings in our Society. And while I did not expect that you would promise in advance, I did hope that when you should see that our movement was conducted in the interest of humanity, and with dignity and earnestness, you would feel like working with us. Allow me to say that I did not mean to ask for a reply without further knowledge of what our movement was to be, and I think my letter indicated as much.

You say you "positively refused to sign the call." You doubtless refused in your own mind, but your reply contains no word about the call, and at the time of our interview, the call was printed, with the names, and I showed you a copy; but there was nothing said about your not having signed it. I had given you the words of the call in my letter, but am confident I did not ask you directly to sign it. I certainly did not "importune" you to sign it, and I cannot see what occasion you had to refuse so "positively."

"You say I was the 'only person present who had heard anything of' your 'determination.' Now, everything that I had heard or knew of your determination was contained in your letter of reply. (You will remember, I think, that the matter of the presidency of our Society was not referred to during our interview.) And you remember that I obtained your consent to my reading that letter to the Convention, and also to state in the Convention's report that a letter from you was there read. Of course I read that letter to the Convention, and I read it in a loud and distinct tone of voice. So the Convention knew as much about the matter as I did. And I will add that there is no one of that splendid array of letters there read which I at this moment more desire to have published, provided your full and free consent could be obtained.

Well, as I told you I should do, I voted for Orson S. Murray, only voting to make your election unanimous after you had received two-thirds of all the votes cast.

I am bound to admit that I did not oppose your election. It was well understood that I regarded you as the choice of the majority of all interested in the Society, and that I therefore approved of your being voted for by all who coincided with that sentiment. So, if it was a blameworthy act to elect you, I am to blame; and if it will suit the rest, I will assume the whole blame. I think the Convention had a perfect right to elect whoever it pleased, and run its own risk of acceptance. It elected you, and you have declined; and I do not see that you are compromised or harmed in any way, or that any injustice has been done you. True, before you had any special reason to believe that the movement would amount to anything of very great worth or importance, you declined to identify yourself with it; but the aspect of affairs had very materially, if not entirely, changed, and it was not at all unreasonable to conclude that this change would have its effect upon you. The movement had been cordially welcomed by the great body of the most earnest and devoted friends of freedom in the country, and its presidency seemed an inviting position for any philanthropist, however careful of his associations.

To show that this is not a case of unparalleled atrocity, I will point to one or two precedents. In September, 1851, I attended a Convention at Buffalo, N. Y., to nominate a Liberty candidate for President. We nominated Gerrit Smith. He declined. He besought us in the most earnest manner not to insist upon his acceptance. We refused to excuse him, and went home determined to vote for him, and to elect him if we could. His case was harder than yours.

You well remember that the "Bourbons" would not vote for Horace Greeley, and so nominated Charles O'Connor. Well, O'Connor refused to accept, in the most positive terms, both before and after his nomination. And yet the "Bourbons" went on and voted for him. And who should be good authority in matters of precedents, if not the "Bourbons?"

You are "sorry to have fallen into such company," but think you are in no way responsible for the "fall." Pardon me; I think you are. You forget that the interview at which we had the "long personal conversation" was held by your suggestion, and that some days after the interview you volunteered a letter, giving valuable advice in regard to our movement! It was these acts of kindness and cordiality which turned the scale in favor of your election. But for these and kindred acts, and the evidence they gave of your sympathy with us, the propriety of electing you would not have been entertained. And you, whose word, so potent to blast, was not withheld when my reputation for integrity and manliness was at stake, will recognize the justice of these disclosures of private transactions, which disclosures have been, by your act, made necessary to my just vindication.

In conclusion, let me assure you of my deep regret that we should have done anything to wound you. We still hope for your brotherly feeling and your wise counsel. Our Society will not suffer for want of a president. With four vice-presidents, well distributed, and each fit for president, we are fully prepared for work.

Fraternally,

FRANCIS BARRY.

RAVENNA, O., January, 1874.

A CHINAMAN IN THE KITCHEN.

Of all household trials and tortures, we think those of Miss Moloney, as recited to her friend Annie Ryan—in *Scribner* for January—must have been the sorest. Miss Moloney, be it understood, had "five good characters from respectable places," and was well settled in her new situation, when a "rale haythen Chineser, a grinnin' as if he'd just come off a tay-box," was introduced into the family as a waiter:

"Well, the ways and the trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blessed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger-nails full a' yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus alarnin' him, an' he grinnin'

an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) an' gettin' in to her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, an' kitchen' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

"Is it ate wid him? Arrah an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtacted. It's yersel' knows the tender feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and do ye mind! that haythen would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he could kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

"Did I lave for that? Faix, an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into trouble with my missus, the haythen? You'r'e aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anthing dacently. So for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay an' wrap it in paper an' put in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blanket the how it cudent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in the kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other just but haythen), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blasterin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze, right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin'-blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin, "O Kitty! in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. 'He's a haythen nager,' says I. 'I've found you out,' says she. 'I'll arrist him,' says I. 'It's you ought to be arristed,' says she. 'You won't,' says I. 'I will,' says she—and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cudent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' and left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore."

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

MOSES HULL will lecture in Chicago before Primary Council No. 1 of Ill. of the Universal Association of Spiritualists during the month of March.

NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

The Annual Convention of the New England Labor Reform League will be held in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont street, Boston, on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 22 and 23.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Topeka, Kansas, during February, in Germania Hall. March 8th in Pleasanton, Kansas, after which he will return to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Omaha, Neb. Address accordingly.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the gifted healer, heals the sick at Vineland, N. J. We would say to those who are unable to visit the doctor in person, to send \$1.00 for his *Magnetized Pellets*. The sick are being healed by these Pellets who have heretofore been in perfect despair.

PERSONAL.

W. F. Jamieson will speak in Rogers Ford, Montgomery Co., Pa., five evenings—Feb. 16 to 20, inclusive. Is lecturing for the Vineland (N. J.) Society the Sundays of February. Is engaged by the Society of Radical Spiritualists of Lynn, Mass., for the Sundays of March.

MISS NELLIE L. DAVIS, in answer to calls received from the Pacific coast will go West next autumn. Friends along the route, desiring one or more lectures, can secure her services by addressing her at North Billerica, Middlesex Co., Mass.

NEW JERSEY STATE CONVENTION.

The First Quarterly Convention, for 1874, of the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, will be held in Plum-street Hall, Vineland, on Saturday and Sunday, February 21st and 22d. Special subjects: Granges; Railroads; and the Demands for Government to aid the Industries of the Country. Among the very able speakers to be present are: John G. Drew, of Elizabeth, or Charles Sears, of Neversink, Grange State lecturers of New Jersey; Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, the poet and orator who so charmed our Convention last August; Rev. J. B. Beach, of Bricksburg, Dr. S. Marshal, of Wilmington, Del., and W. F. Jamieson, Secretary of U. A. of S. Three sessions and conferences each day. A grand sociable on the evening of the 21st. Washington remembered! From New York get tickets at Cortlandt-street ferry, 9 A. M., via Camden from Philadelphia, foot of Market street, at 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. Fare from Philadelphia, \$1.10. Those coming on Friday will meet committee at Hall in the evening. Everybody will be welcome. For further information, address D. J. STANSBERRY, 277 Mulberry street, Newark.

L. K. COONLEY, President, Vineland.

N. B.—N. J. Southern R.R. running no trains now. January 31st.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WEST.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold their seventh quarterly meeting at Grow's Opera House, No. 517 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., commencing on Friday, March 13, at half-past ten o'clock, A. M., and continue over Sunday, March 15, 1874.

The platform will be free, on which every subject may be discussed germane to Spiritualism and humanity.

The Convention will be governed by strict parliamentary usages. Spiritualists of America, we invite you to participate with us in this our seventh quarterly meeting.

Speakers, editors, mediums and seers, you are cordially invited to our Convention. Come and help us in this our great work of reason and soul truth.

Speakers will not be guaranteed pay at this Convention. The Convention will make every effort to lodge and feed all who come.

By order of the Executive Board of the N. Ill. Association of Spiritualists.

E. V. WILSON, Secretary.

ROBERT G. ECCLES' engagements for the next two months are as follows: Windsor, O., Feb. 11 to 17; Mesopotamia, O., 18th to 24th; Andover, O., 25th to March 2; Bowerston, O., 3d to 9th; New Philadelphia, O., 10th to 16th; Alliance, O., 17th to 23d; Salem, O., 24th to 29th; Wilmot, O., 30th to April 4th; Norwalk, O., 5th to 11th. After this date engagements solicited from the West. Address R. G. Eccles, Tenth street, Kansas City, Mo.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS. 12m, pp. 266.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE; OR, WHY DO WE DIE? 8vo, pp. 24. An ORATION delivered before the above-named CONVENTION, at GROW'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, by VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, September 18, 1873.

The above "Report of the Proceedings of the Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists," is an accurate and impartial account of what was said and done at the above convention. The speeches are presented to the public word for word as they came to us from the hands of the able reporter employed by the convention. The orations of the members, on both sides, discussing the question of "Free Love," or rather "Personal Sovereignty," are worthy of the serious attention not only of all Spiritualists but of the community at large.

In proof that we have not overstated the merits of the work, we respectfully submit the generous testimony of Judge Edmund S. Holbrook, who so ably defended the position of the conservative Spiritualists at the above convention:

"I have seen the report you have published of the doings and sayings of the Chicago Convention, and I take pleasure in saying that, in the publication of such a report, so full, so accurate and impartial as it is, you have done a work worthy of high commendation. Some could not be at this convention, either for want of time or means; but now, such of them as may choose to read, can almost imagine that they were there; and though they may not attain whatever there may be in personal presence, in the eye, and the ear, and in soul-communion, yet whatever of principle has been evolved they may well discover and understand; and also, as I hope, they may profit thereby."

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The First Primary Council of Boston, of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, meets every Thursday evening, at Harmony Hall, 18½ Boylston street. Seats free.

JOHN HARDY, Cor. Sec'y.

ADDIE L. BALLOU contemplates a trip to the Pacific Coast, and will make appointments to lecture at points on the route if early applications be made to her at Terre Haute, Ind.

Dr. Slade, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 413 Fourth avenue.

DR. L. K. COONLEY.

This active, able, zealous and practical reformer intends to return again to the open field. He will answer calls to speak anywhere in the country. No word of ours is needed with the people in regard to this worker. He has been before the Spiritualistic public for twenty years, and returns to it now refreshed and reinvigorated by two years of fruit growing in Vineland, N. J., at which place he may for the present be addressed.

CEPHAS B. LYNN, the able young radical, has been notified that his services are wanted on the Pacific coast. He desires calls at points on the route. We trust that our radical friends in Omaha, Lincoln, Denver, Salt Lake and other points, will invite Cephas to lecture to them. His address is Sturgis, Mich.

Send Austin Kent one dollar for his book and pamphlets on Free Love and Marriage. He has been sixteen years physically helpless, confined to his bed and chair, is poor and needs the money. You may be even more benefited by reading one of the boldest, deepest, strongest, clearest and most logical writers. You are hardly well posted on this subject till you have read Mr. Kent. You who are able add another dollar or more as charity. His address, AUSTIN KENT, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Box 44.

MR. MADOX,

Of the Internationals, will hold himself ready to lecture before workingmen's organizations and lyceums throughout the country; subjects, "The Political Economy of the Internationals," "The Suspension of our Industries—the Cause and Remedy," "The Currency and Finance." He will also organize Sections of the Secret Order of U. O. I. Address, G. W. MADOX, Sec. U. O. I., 42 John st., N. Y. City.

A CARD.

Applications having repeatedly been made to us by many different parties on the subject of securing for them rational amusement for private entertainments, we beg to notify the public that we have with us an able elocutionist who is desirous of giving evening readings from the poets. We know he has an almost unlimited repertoire of recitations (without book), comprising selections from the first English and American classics, together with translations from Swedish, Moorish, Spanish, French, German, and even Persian and Turkish authors. Proprietors and proprietresses of houses of amusement and recreation can arrange for evening readings and recitations by applying to J. F., care of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, P. O. Box 3,791, New York.

PROSPECTUS.

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7. A new educational system, in which all children born shall have the same advantages of physical, industrial, mental and moral culture, and thus be equally prepared at maturity to enter upon active, responsible and useful lives.

All of which will constitute the various parts of a new social order, in which all the human rights of the individual will be associated to form the harmonious organization of the peoples into the grand human family, of which every person in the world will be a member.

Criticism and objections specially invited.

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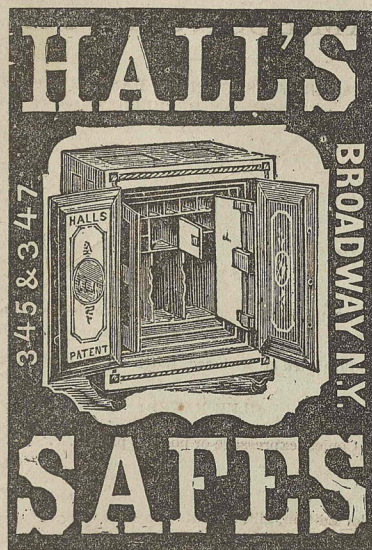
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His life was long."
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9:00 a. m., Great Southern Morning Express, for Baltimore and Washington; for the West, via West Philadelphia, Baltimore, and for the South, via Baltimore, and via Washington, with Drawing Room Car attached.

9:30 a. m., Western Express for West Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars, through from New York to Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati and Louisville, and with Parlor Cars from New York to Pittsburg.

1:00 p. m., Express for Baltimore and Washington, and for the West, via Baltimore, with Drawing Room Car attached.

5:00 p. m., Daily Western Express, for Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Car, through from New York to Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Louisville and St. Louis, to Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago.

7:00 p. m., Daily Western Express, for Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars, for Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

8:30 p. m., Daily Western Express, for West Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars, through without change, to Pittsburg, Crestline, Fort Wayne and Chicago.

9:00 p. m., Daily Great Southern Evening Express for Baltimore and Washington, with Reclining Chair Cars, and with Pullman Palace Cars through from New York to Washington.

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Condensed Time Table.

WESTWARD FROM NEW YORK,

Via Erie & Mich. Central & Great Western R. R's

STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.
Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	8.30 A. M.	10.45 A. M.	Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	6.45 P. M.
" Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	" Chambers street.	7.00 "
" Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	" Jersey City.	7.30 "
" Susquehanna.	3.40 P. M.	8.12 P. M.	" Susquehanna.	2.43 A. M.
" Binghampton.	4.40 "	9.20 "	" Binghampton.	3.35 "
" Elmira.	6.30 "	12.16 A. M.	" Elmira.	5.35 "
" Hornellsville.	8.30 "	1.50 "	" Hornellsville.	7.40 "
" Buffalo.	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	" Buffalo.	11.45 "
Ar Suspension Bridge.	1.00 "	10.00 "	Ar Suspension Bridge.	12.27 P. M.
Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.35 "
Ar St. Catharines.	1.35 "	2.00 "	Ar St. Catharines.	2.00 "
" Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	" Hamilton.	2.55 "
" Harrisburg.	3.53 "	3.53 "	" Harrisburg.	3.53 "
" London.	5.35 A. M.	5.55 "	" London.	5.55 "
" Chatham.	7.55 "	8.12 "	" Chatham.	8.12 "
" Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	" Detroit.	10.00 "
Lv Detroit.	9.40 "	10.10 "	Lv Detroit.	10.10 "
Ar Wayne.	10.21 "	" "	Ar Wayne.	" "
" Ypsilanti.	10.45 "	11.25 P. M.	" Ypsilanti.	11.25 "
" Ann Arbor.	11.00 "	11.43 "	" Ann Arbor.	11.43 "
" Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	" Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
" Marshall.	1.15 "	" "	" Marshall.	" "
" Battle Creek.	2.03 "	AIR LINE.	" Battle Creek.	AIR LINE.
" Kalamazoo.	2.55 "	4.40 A. M.	" Kalamazoo.	4.40 A. M.
" Niles.	4.32 P. M.	" "	" Niles.	" "
" New Buffalo.	5.25 "	" "	" New Buffalo.	" "
" Michigan City.	5.45 "	5.45 "	" Michigan City.	5.45 "
" Calumet.	7.18 "	7.47 "	" Calumet.	7.47 "
" Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	" Chicago.	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee.	5.30 A. M.	1.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.	" "	Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.05 A. M.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.	" "	Ar St. Paul.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.	" "	Ar St. Louis.	8.15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.	" "	Ar Sedalia.	6.50 A. M.
" Denison.	8.00 "	" "	" Denison.	8.00 "
" Galveston.	10.45 "	" "	" Galveston.	10.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.	" "	Ar Bismarck.	12.01 P. M.
" Columbus.	5.00 A. M.	" "	" Columbus.	6.30 "
" Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.	" "	" Little Rock.	" "
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.	" "	Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.
" Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	" "	" Omaha.	7.45 A. M.
" Cheyenne.	" "	" "	" Cheyenne.	12.50 P. M.
" Ogden.	" "	" "	" Ogden.	5.30 "
" San Francisco.	" "	" "	" San Francisco.	8.30 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	" "	Ar Galesburg.	4.45 P. M.
" Quincy.	11.15 "	" "	" Quincy.	9.45 "
" St. Joseph.	10.00 "	" "	" St. Joseph.	8.10 A. M.
" Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	" "	" Kansas City.	9.25 "
" Atchison.	11.00 "	" "	" Atchison.	11.17 "
" Leavenworth.	12.10 "	" "	" Leavenworth.	12.40 noon.
" Denver.	7.00 A. M.	" "	" Denver.	" "

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9.15 A. M.—Day Express from Jersey City (daily except Sunday), with Pullman's Drawing-Room Cars, and connecting at Suspension Bridge with Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, arriving at Chicago 8.00 p. m. the following day in time to take the morning trains from there.

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At Battle Creek, with Peninsular R. R.

At Kalamazoo, with South Haven Branch, to G. Junction, South Haven, etc. Also with G. Rapids & Ind. R. R. for Clam Lake and intermediate stations. Also with Branch of L. S. & M. S. R. R.

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